No. 6178—Volume 231
PRICE TWO SHILLINGS

Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Regd

The Illustrated London News,
NOVEMBER 2, 1957

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



IN COLOUR: OXFORD FROM THE AIR; AND WORK OF CANADA'S ONLY OLD MASTER.

BULMER'S Cider

the most popular cider of all

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. THE QUEEN
CIDER MAKERS
H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD
HEREFORD

C.1

WETHERALL
bond st sportsclothes

TRADE MARK
"FOURway
BREATHLESSLY SMART
CLEVERCHANGE
BELTED/UNBELTED
topcoats"

HANDTAILORED SADDLESTITCHED "racin plaid"

DOUBLE SIDED "doeskin + cashmere" about 30 gns

THE HEAVENLY BLEND OF PURE CASHMERE PURE WOOL

WETHERALL HOUSE, BOND STREET, W.1

THE
KNITWEAR
HOUSE
HUPPERT
64 REGENT ST. LONDON W.1.
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

McVITIE & PRICE *Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits*
EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

PARIPAN LTD
BRITISH MADE
PARIPAN Dryfast ENAMEL
PAREMUL Emulsion PAINT
PARIMAT Steamproof FINISH
1 SHERWOOD STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1

STATE EXPRESS
555
Cigarettes
THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
STATE EXPRESS
CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS
ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD.



WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S
DRY SACK
REGD
The World Famous
Sherry
SPAIN'S BEST

Avoid colds-breathe
VAPEX
TRADE MARK
inhalant
From your chemist

A drop on your handkerchief by day and on your pillow by night will give you 24 hour protection. The value of VAPEX has been proved in every epidemic during the last thirty years.
From your Chemist 3/-

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
All classes of insurance transacted
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
MOTOR POLICIES

PRICE 2s. : FOR POSTAGE RATES See Frontispiece.

Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom.

PUBLISHING OFFICE : INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Duck that delighted at Colombo

Menus to feast memory on. Man having dinner at Colombo. He is bound for Sydney on board a ship of the Orient Line. Meanwhile, he is laying up a store of memories . . . the magnificent comfort . . . the magnificent menus.



The Creme Dame Blanche . . . under the bristling shadow of the Rock . . . nectar in a soup tureen . . . grandeur standing starkly out of a darkling cobalt sea . . .



The Tagliatelli Verde . . . Naples . . . hot sun . . . flamboyant colours . . . green slivers of perfect pasta lavished with sauce superb . . . ruby-red Chianti through plaited straw . . .



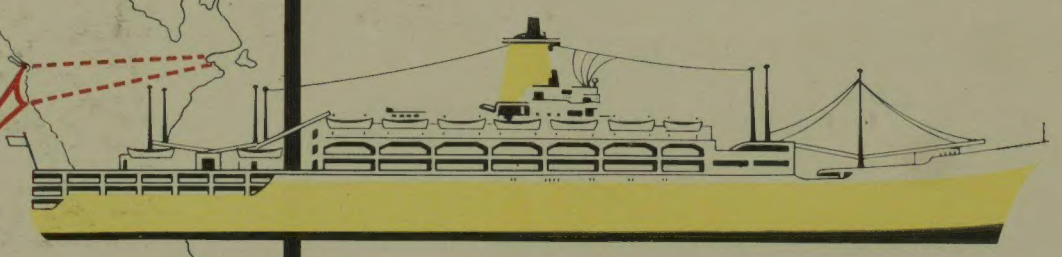
That Duck . . . with green salad . . . a dressing surely made for Olympus . . . flanked by a notable hock . . . perfect in the heat of Colombo . . .



The Cheval Blanc . . . a truly noble wine . . . at the Captain's table . . . last night of a most well-ordered voyage . . . excellent service . . . extremely comfortable . . . will always recommend Orient . . . and am not an easy man to please . . .







ORIENT LINE

ENGLAND AUSTRALIA NEW ZEALAND CANADA UNITED STATES

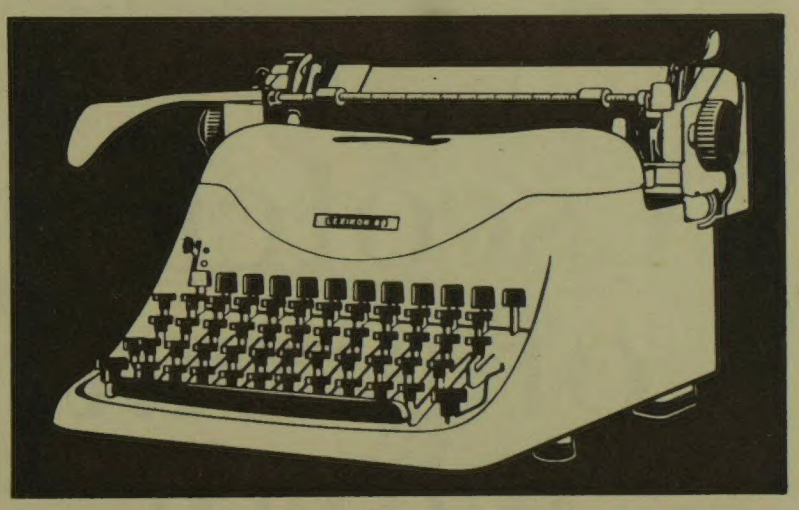
Chief Passenger Office 26 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1
City Passenger Office 9-11 Billiter Square, London, E.C.3
or your local travel agent



A good typewriter goes on being a good typewriter

Any much-travelled business man can tell you that you may find Olivetti typewriters at work in almost every part of the world. "At work" is the point that matters. For the Lexikon 80 - as with all Olivetti machines - is designed to keep on working under the most difficult conditions, under the heaviest loads of work; year after year, without trouble or bother.
Olivetti's name for good typewriters is remembered because once the machine is installed you can forget typewriter troubles.

Olivetti Lexikon



Made in Great Britain by **British Olivetti Ltd.**
10 Berkeley Square, London, W1
Sales Branches:
London—32/34 Worship Street, EC2
Birmingham—14 Waterloo Street, Birmingham 2
Glasgow—115/207 Summerlee Street, E3

Authorised dealers throughout the country

33

A

By Appointment
To Her Majesty
Queen Elizabeth II
Scotch Whisky
Distillers
Wm. Sanderson & Son Ltd
Leith



A scotch of great worth

Worth looking for—worth treasuring



Ninth Month for the Romans—and we continue the name, even though for us the month is the eleventh. The Saxons, seeing the trees stripped of their leaves, called it "Wind-monath".

Not all the followers of Diana wear pink coats. Some have no coats at all, and these, moreover, are rather small and, maybe, even a little grubby. But the pertinacity with which they hunt the 'penny for the guy' commands a grudging respect. It is hard to refuse them; harder still if you remember that the evening of the Fifth will find you giving your own imitation of Firework Night at the Crystal Palace for the delectation of the children and their friends. Later on, as you gloomily reflect that the bonfire was almost certainly too close to the cherry tree and that the lawn will be a depressing sight in the morning, you wonder if the game is worth the candle. But the children enjoyed it and no doubt it is good for trade. In this, it parallels the Midland Bank, an institution which is also 'good for trade'. For over a century, the Bank has been in financial matters the guide, philosopher and friend of business houses of every kind.

MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED

Head Office: Poultry, London, E.C.2

2140 branches throughout England and Wales





Q: What is the difference between a Roundhead and a Cavalier?

A: Only Cavaliers smoke Passing Clouds

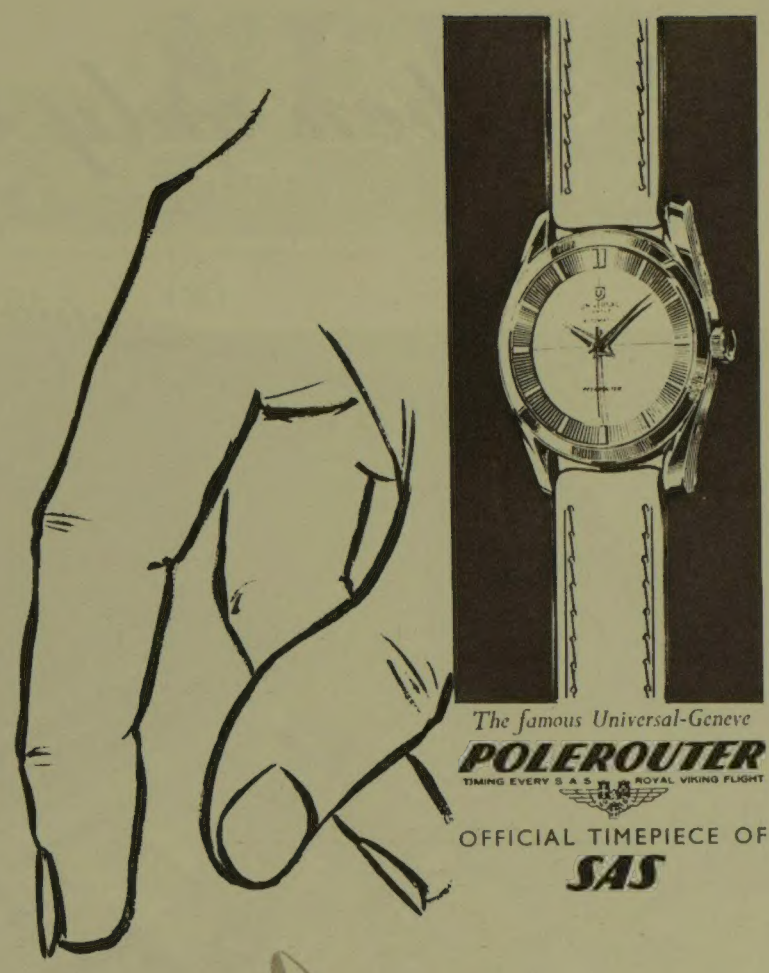


PASSING CLOUDS

The OVAL *Cigarette*

20 FOR 4/7 · 100 FOR 22/11 · MADE BY W. D. & H. O. WILLS

W.P.C.1c



The famous Universal-Geneve

POLEROUTER

TIMING EVERY S A S ROYAL VIKING FLIGHT

OFFICIAL TIMEPIECE OF

SAS

World records — Yours to hold

THROUGH THE INTERNATIONAL AWARDS WON BY UNIVERSAL-GENEVE.

CAREFREE PRECISION MOVEMENTS AND SUPERLATIVE ELEGANCE MARK

... a watch by

UNIVERSAL
GENÈVE

"Creation" in 18 carat gold

PRESENTED BY

WATCHES OF SWITZERLAND
LIMITED

15 New Bond Street, London, W.1
125 New Street, Birmingham
127a Princes Street, Edinburgh
69 Lord Street, Liverpool

Showrooms in the City and Provinces

When only the best will do



The red **BENSON and HEDGES** tin is world famous for one very good reason.
It contains cigarettes which have no equal. Cigarettes superbly blended from the choicest tobaccos grown.
Cigarettes chosen for over 80 years by the world's most critical smokers.

BENSON and HEDGES

Super Virginia Cigarettes

BENSON & HEDGES LTD OLD BOND STREET · LONDON

BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
TOBACCONISTS
BENSON & HEDGES LTD

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

©1957. The Illustrated London News & Sketch Ltd. *The World Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Illustrations and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved.*

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1957.



ASKED BY THE RUSSIANS TO TRACK THE ROCKET USED TO LAUNCH THEIR EARTH SATELLITE : MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY'S GIANT RADIO TELESCOPE AT JODRELL BANK, CHESHIRE, IN ACTION.

On October 26 Professor A. C. B. Lovell, of Manchester University, who directs the swiftly-adapted radio telescope at Jodrell Bank, received a telegram from the Russian Astronomical Council asking for the co-operation of Jodrell Bank in tracking the rocket which had launched their satellite and had been following its own orbit in space since then. This followed on a similar request from the Royal Greenwich Observatory, Herstmonceux, which had received no reliable position for the rocket since the last observations made at Jodrell Bank on October 18. The radio telescope was at once brought into action to look for the rocket, which was quickly picked up at a range of about 1000 kilometres, and was followed on its course. These observations showed that the forecast position provided by the Russians in their telegram was incorrect. The Russian information may have been deliberately misleading, but it is more likely that they themselves have no equipment for tracking the rocket as accurately as Jodrell Bank, and made the request in order to obtain accurate information. The Jodrell Bank observations showed that the orbit of the rocket was still only descending slowly, and it was then expected to have a further life of about a week—giving it a life-span considerably longer than was originally expected. The satellite, on the other hand, was still pursuing an entirely regular course, and could be expected to stay up "for months." On October 26 the satellite, which had been launched on October 4, had travelled well over 9,000,000 miles and had completed some 340 circuits.

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News *is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)*



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT seems ironical that in an age in which so many attempts have been made, by scholars and popularisers alike, to refurbish the reputation of the Prince Regent, that that monarch's one unquestionable and enduring achievement should be in process of rapid and total destruction. The clothes he wore, the uniforms he designed, the scandals he so constantly created by his undisciplined, emotional life have long ago dissolved into rags and oblivion, and he and his wives and mistresses and his snobbish standards of gentility are as much part of the irrevocable past as those of Henry VIII or the Emperor Nero. But whether he was a wholly bad man as Thackeray and the Victorians believed, or whether he was an extravagant mixture of good and bad, with the good prevailing, as his contemporary and later Prime Minister, the Duke of Wellington, testified, he left behind him one work for which posterity has cause—or, as it might now be truer to say, *had* cause—to be grateful. In the aftermath of Waterloo, the greatest military triumph of our history, he was personally responsible for the building at what was then the west end of, and is now the centre of London, of a great north-to-south avenue or axis, linking his lovely palace of Carlton House with the park he had laid out and was replanting in the northern fields and which still bears his name. And just as Charles II—another monarch of dubious life and reputation who enriched England with great architecture—employed Christopher Wren to carry out his Royal building projects, so the Prince Regent employed Nash. And though Nash was much inferior to Wren—one of the greatest men that ever lived—he was none the less a brilliant architect, whose work at its best bears comparison with the finest that eighteenth-century Europe produced and far excels most of that which was raised in the nineteenth century.

The broad avenue that he and his Royal master conceived still exists in the majestic sweep of Lower Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, Regent Street, Oxford Circus and Portland Place. Without it the chaos of traffic in central London would be far worse than it is. But the lovely terraces that Nash raised along either side of it have mostly vanished, nearly all of them in my lifetime. Only in Regent's Park can we to-day see this great architect's work on the lavish scale on which he designed it. Here, laid out in magnificent terraces, there are still nearly 400 houses, all of them the property of the Crown that built them. More than half of them at present are either leased to Government Departments or empty and in the hands of the Crown Estate Commissioners. The remainder—156 in all—are leased privately, but the majority of these will lapse to the Crown in the course of the next twelve years.

The Crown Commissioners have therefore to decide what to do with this architectural and historic heritage. The houses were built for a society very different to ours and can only be made suitable for modern residential purposes by being converted into flats. Most of those in private hands have already been so converted. That such conversion is possible and economically profitable has been proved by the Grosvenor and Comonte Estates in their brilliant adaptation of a bomb-damaged and derelict Eaton Square—designed, as it was, for the high individualist splendours of early Victorian aristocracy—to suit the streamlined needs of the mid-twentieth century. It has been calculated that the cost of such conversion to the Regent's Park terraces, and the elimination of the dry-rot from which so much of their woodwork is suffering, might amount to as much as £6,000,000, on which, owing to their exceptionally attractive and convenient situation, a return of about 8 per cent. could almost certainly be obtained in rents and premiums for the flats so created. This does not seem an unreasonable or uneconomic return, but the fact remains that, owing to the enormous site-value of the land, a far larger sum could be earned—provided present inflated values still prevail in ten years' time—by pulling the Nash terraces down and replacing them by skyscrapers or vast box-like offices like those which are so rapidly changing and dominating the skyscape of Hyde Park.

The question is whether the Government, as the trustee and guardian—and owing to the enforced social changes of our age, to-day there is no other—of the permanent architectural and cultural wealth of the nation, has any right to destroy such a unique and irreplaceable treasure for the sake merely of financial profit. Eleven years ago its predecessor appointed a Committee under the chairmanship of Lord Gorell to report on the future of the terraces, and this Committee reported that they should and could be preserved. Apart from the contradiction of the State appointing such a Committee and then ignoring its Report, the relation between Regent's Park and the buildings surrounding it seems to me of great importance, particularly as the level of the tree-line in Regent's Park is much lower than that in Hyde Park. A letter which appeared the other day in *The Times* over the signature of G. A. Jellicoe, the Honorary President of the International Federation of Landscape Architects, has, I feel, considerable bearing on the matter. In it he pointed out that in the catalogue of the Exhibition of International Landscape that has just closed at the Festival Hall, and is now on its way to Glasgow, its Swedish author described the British as "still unbeatable as landscape architects." Whether this testimonial is any longer deserved, Mr. Jellicoe wrote, is dubious, but he continued, "there is no doubt at all that we can do so in history."

We owe this great reputation, not to our charming and modest gardens, but to the way of thought of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries which revolutionized man's conception of his environment. Nature was recognized for the first time as an equal partner with architecture, and the English genius thus established values which all thinking persons would like to see maintained now and in the future. The two most splendid surviving civic examples are of course Carlton House Terrace with St. James's Park, and the Nash Terraces with Regent's Park. It will come as a severe shock therefore to many of our friends abroad that this country can contemplate damaging a scene which to them might well rank in their imagination not far behind that of the Grand Canal in Venice.

Do not let us deceive ourselves that a good modern architect can replace the existing buildings. He cannot, for here is a partnership between trees and a high formality of living which belongs to a particular period in history. It does not matter if the proportions of the buildings express a way of life very different from that of to-day, nor that the detail is sometimes crude; the Nash Terraces in conjunction with Regent's Park are a great work of art, peculiar to the English genius, dear to Londoners, and by reason of the academic standard of values, an inspiration for the future.*

I believe that Mr. Jellicoe is right, and that both in Hyde Park, by encircling it with architecture completely unrelated to the lovely arboreal landscape inside it, and in Regent's Park by this contemplated—if it be officially contemplated—act of State vandalism, we are in danger of destroying something which is unique, both in this country and Europe. One can only hope that the Crown Estate Commissioners and the Lord Privy Seal—the Minister responsible to Parliament for their actions—will decide that in dealing with such a permanent national property as the Royal Parks and their surroundings, the considerations of the market-place are not, and should not be, the only and decisive ones.

* *The Times*, October 23, 1957.

MARSHAL ZHUKOV AND HIS SUCCESSOR.



APPOINTED AS NEW MINISTER OF DEFENCE OF THE U.S.S.R. : MARSHAL OF THE SOVIET UNION MALINOVSKY.



"RELEASED OF HIS OBLIGATIONS AS MINISTER OF DEFENCE OF THE U.S.S.R." : MARSHAL ZHUKOV.

Moscow Radio announced on October 26, as the fifteenth item in a news bulletin, that Marshal Zhukov had been released of his obligations as Minister of Defence of the U.S.S.R. and that he had been replaced by Marshal Malinovsky. The change was announced within a few hours of Marshal Zhukov's return by air from his visit to Yugoslavia and Albania. Marshal Zhukov, who is sixty-one, was the hero of the battle of Moscow and the commander of the victorious Russian armies in Germany. Only last June he was appointed as a member of the Præsidium of fifteen, the governing body of the Communist Party. Marshal Malinovsky, who is fifty-nine, is also a soldier of high reputation. He became a Marshal in 1944, served as Commander of the Far Eastern forces, and more recently he has been a Deputy Minister of Defence in charge of ground forces.

A FRUITFUL ANGLO-AMERICAN CONFERENCE: MR. MACMILLAN AND THE PRESIDENT IN WASHINGTON.



THE BEGINNING OF THE FRUITFUL ANGLO-AMERICAN TALKS ON OCT. 23 : PRESIDENT EISENHOWER (LEFT) GREETS MR. MACMILLAN ON HIS ARRIVAL AT THE WHITE HOUSE FOR DINNER AND DISCUSSIONS.



AT THE WHITE HOUSE ON OCT. 24, WHEN M. SPAAK, SECRETARY-GENERAL OF N.A.T.O., JOINED THE GROUP : (SEATED, L. TO R.) MR. MACMILLAN, PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, M. SPAAK ; (STANDING, L. TO R.) MR. SELWYN LLOYD AND MR. DULLES.



IN THE GARDEN OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY PREPARING FOR THE MAIN TALKS : (SEATED, L. TO R.) MR. DULLES, MR. MACMILLAN AND MR. LLOYD. STANDING IN THE BACKGROUND IS SIR HAROLD CACCIA, THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.



A VIVID AND CHARACTERISTIC PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PARTICIPANTS IN THE PRELIMINARY DISCUSSIONS AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY, WASHINGTON : (L. TO R.) MR. DULLES, SIR H. CACCIA, MR. MACMILLAN AND MR. SELWYN LLOYD.



THE BEGINNING OF MR. MACMILLAN'S VISIT TO THE U.S.A. : MR. DULLES (LEFT), THE U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE, GREETS THE PREMIER AT WASHINGTON AIRPORT.

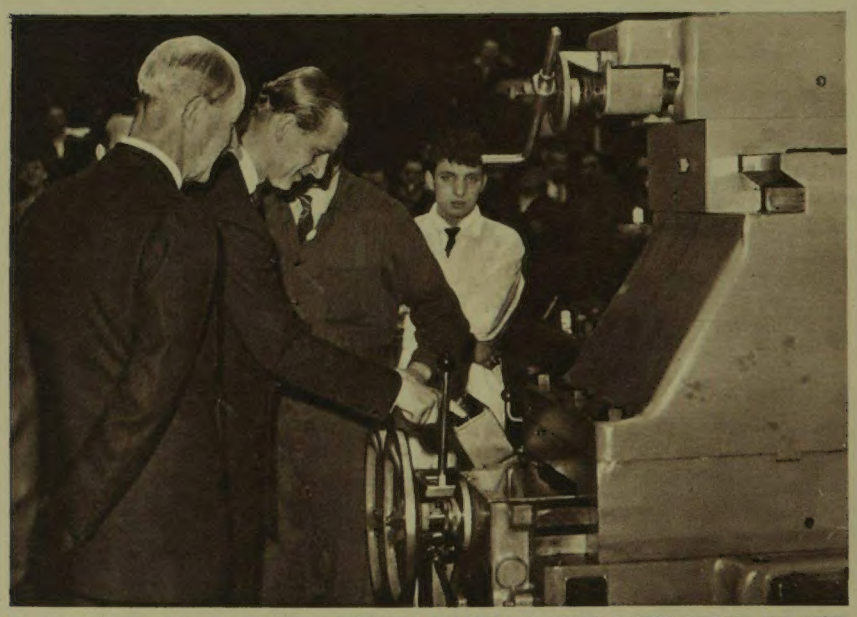


AFTER THE WASHINGTON TALKS, MR. MACMILLAN (RIGHT) FLEW ON TO OTTAWA, WHERE HE IS BEING MET BY THE CANADIAN PRIME MINISTER, MR. JOHN DIEFENBAKER.

The Washington talks between Mr. Harold Macmillan and President Eisenhower, which took place on October 23-25, were described by Mr. Macmillan on his return to London on October 27 as "the beginning of a new chapter of combination and co-operation between the free nations of the world." For these talks at the White House Mr. Macmillan was joined in Washington by the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, and his team of experts significantly included Sir Edwin Plowden, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Authority. On the second day the participants were joined by M. Paul Spaak.

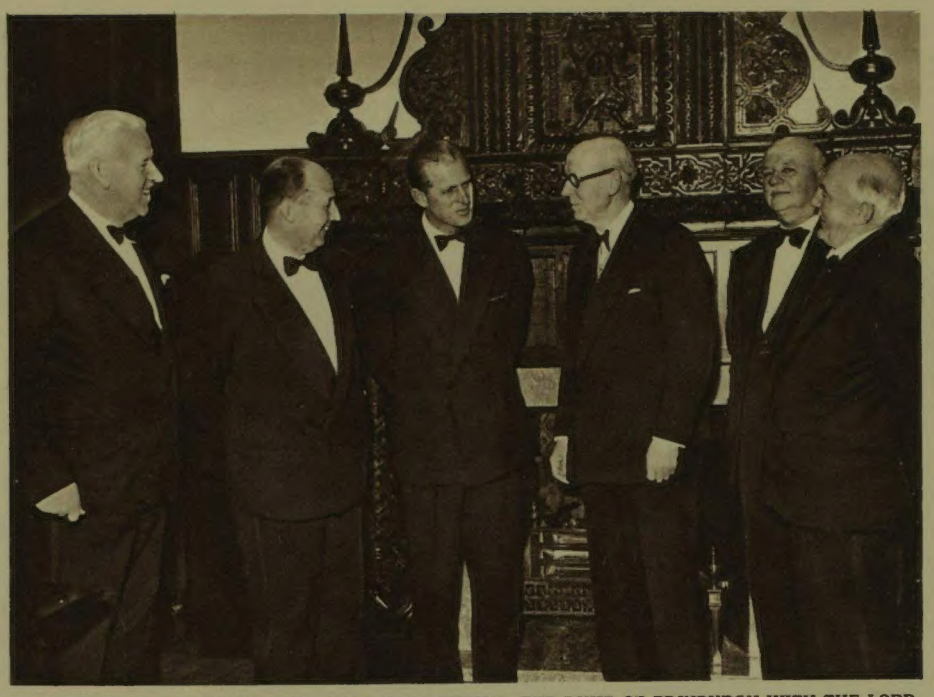
After the talks Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Lloyd went by air to Ottawa for further discussions with Mr. Diefenbaker and his colleagues. The principal decisions of the conference were: (a) the President to ask Congress to amend legislation to allow a wider sharing of scientific knowledge with Britain and other friendly nations; (b) a greater Atlantic effort in research and development; (c) full agreement on the significance of Russian threats to Turkey; and (d) the likelihood of both the President's and Mr. Macmillan's attendance at the next N.A.T.O. Council meeting in Paris.

RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: ROYAL AND OTHER OCCASIONS; AND A GIANT FISH



IN SHEFFIELD: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH STARTING A GIANT LATHE DURING HIS VISIT TO THE EAST HECLA WORKS OF HADFIELDS LTD.

On October 24 the Duke of Edinburgh visited Sheffield, and in the evening was present at a dinner to celebrate the centenary of the Sheffield Football Club. Our photograph (above, right), taken before the dinner, shows (l. to r.) Sir Stanley Rous (Secretary of the Football Association), Dr. C. C. Greer (President of the Sheffield Football Club), the Duke of Edinburgh, Sir Frederick Pickworth (the Master Cutler), the Earl of Scarbrough (Lord Lieutenant for the West Riding of Yorkshire), and the Lord Mayor (Alderman A. Ballard)



BEFORE DINING AT THE CUTLERS' HALL IN SHEFFIELD: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH THE LORD MAYOR AND OTHERS IN THE MASTER CUTLERS' ROOM.



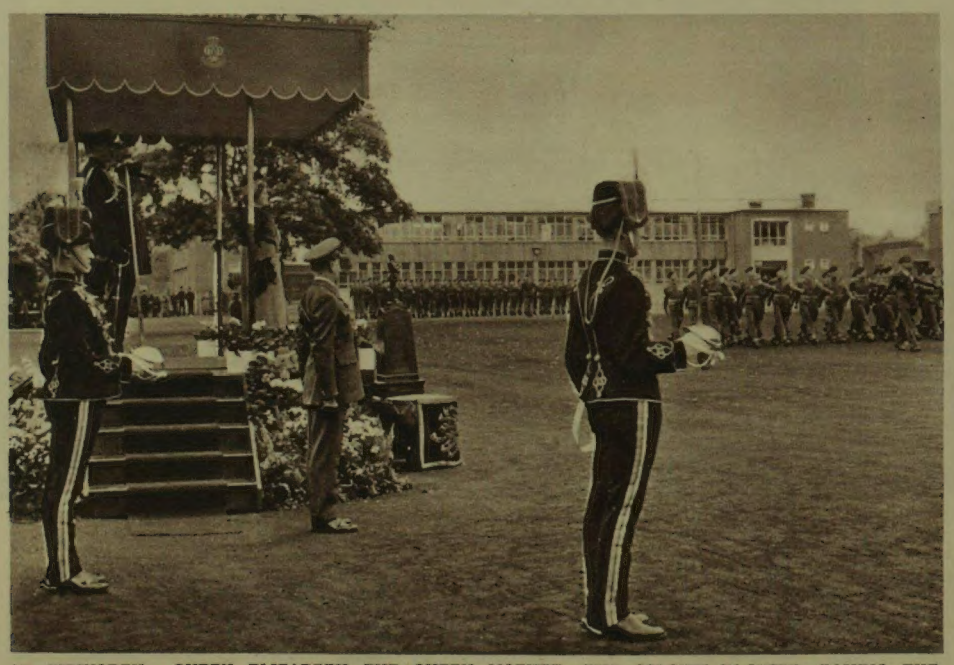
THE FISH OF 1000 MEALS: A HALIBUT WEIGHING 500 LB., WHICH WAS LANDED AT GRIMSBY FROM A LOCAL TRAWLER ON OCTOBER 23.

A halibut, caught in the White Sea, was landed at Grimsby from a local trawler on October 23. The fish, estimated to be between sixty and seventy years old, was said to be of a high standard of quality, despite its great age. It was estimated that the fish would provide 1000 meals when filleted.



BEING CHEERED BY THE BOYS OF HARROW SCHOOL : SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, SEEN WITH LADY CHURCHILL, DURING HIS ANNUAL VISIT FOR "SONGS."

On October 25 Sir Winston Churchill resumed his annual visits to Harrow School to join with the 600 boys in singing the school songs. Sir Winston, most famous of all Old Harrovians, has made the visit every year since 1940, except for last year when the event was cancelled because he was ill. As on previous visits, Sir Winston sang with enthusiasm.



AT TIDWORTH : QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, THE COLONEL-IN-CHIEF, TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE MARCH-PAST OF THE 7TH QUEEN'S OWN HUSSARS.

On October 23 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Colonel-in-Chief, 7th Queen's Own Hussars, visited the regiment at Tidworth and took the salute at the march-past. Under the plan for the reorganisation of the Army, the 7th Queen's Own Hussars is to be amalgamated with the 3rd The King's Own Hussars.



DURING A CEREMONY IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: SCOUTS, GUIDES AND MEMBERS OF YOUTH ORGANISATIONS SALUTING THE FLAG OF THE UNITED NATIONS.

On October 27 Scouts, Guides, members of youth organisations and others, saluted the flag of the United Nations as it was broken by the Chairman of the United Nations Association, General Sir Ronald Adam, during the annual ceremony which was held in London's Trafalgar Square.

FROM A RENAISSANCE JEWEL TO A MODERN AIRCRAFT: OXFORD FROM A NEW VIEWPOINT, AND OTHER ITEMS.





TO BE SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S ON NOVEMBER 12: A REMARKABLE EARLY SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN GOLD PENDANT, WHICH OPENS (RIGHT) TO REVEAL TWO MINIATURES BY ISAAC OLIVER. (Height, 2⅛ ins.)

Outstanding among the twelve "Important Renaissance Jewels," the property of Mrs. B. C. Jago, which are to be auctioned at Christie's, 8, King Street, on November 12, is this Italian gold pendant of architectural design with an agate cameo bust of a Negress. The reverse contains a locket with two miniature portraits by Isaac Oliver. Another remarkable lot in the same sale is the rare American powder flask, signed David Stubbles, which is engraved with the Hanoverian Royal Arms, a view of the city of New York, and a map of the Hudson Basin, with detailed representations of the fortifications of the area.



ENGRAVED WITH THE HANOVERIAN ROYAL ARMS, A VIEW OF NEW YORK, AND A MAP: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN OX-HORN POWDER FLASK IN THE NOVEMBER 12 SALE.



DEMONSTRATED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THIS COUNTRY ON OCTOBER 22: THE U.S. LOCKHEED C-130A *HERCULES* AIRCRAFT—A VIEW OF THE FREIGHT COMPARTMENT.

The Lockheed *Hercules*, a new medium assault transport aircraft for the movement of military personnel and material, was demonstrated to an Anglo-Canadian-American air transport working party at Boscombe Down. The freight compartment is 41 ft. 5 ins. long, 10 ft. 3 ins. wide and 9 ft. 1 in. high. The aircraft is now in production for the U.S. Air Force.



DURING ITS DEMONSTRATION AT THE R.A.F. STATION, BOSCOMBE DOWN, WILTS: THE LOCKHEED *HERCULES* DROPPING ONE-TON CONTAINERS ON PARACHUTES. THIS AIRCRAFT CAN CARRY UP TO 92 TROOPS OR 64 PARATROOPS.



SEEN FROM THE ROOF OF THE CONTROVERSIAL NEW WOOLWORTH'S BUILDING IN CORNMARKET STREET: A PANORAMA OF OXFORD AND ITS SPIRES. A SERIES OF AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE UNIVERSITY AREA OF OXFORD APPEAR IN OUR COLOUR SUPPLEMENT THIS WEEK.

THE OXFORD YEAR SEEN BY A DON.

*"OXFORD LIFE." By DACRE BALSDON.**

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. DACRE BALSDON.

Mr. Balsdon has been a don at Oxford since 1926, except for a break during the Second World War. He has written another book on Oxford—a humorous novel called "Freshman's Folly," which was published five years ago.

"THERE are many good books about Oxford, particularly about Oxford architecture, but there is no book which describes, as Mr. Balsdon's does, the day-to-day life of undergraduates, dons and College servants from the moment when Oxford wakes up from its Long Vacation to greet the Freshman each October, until, with the publication of the Class Lists, it pronounces sentence on the Third and Fourth Year man and goes to sleep again in the following July." Thus the publishers, and they certainly do not overstate. If there is a book about Oxford (or Cambridge either, for that matter) even remotely resembling Mr. Balsdon's either in range or in quality it has never met my eye. Nor do I know of one so charmingly written, so urbanely humorous, and so packed with information (by no means entirely contemporary) about the place, its inhabitants and its institutions.



NICHOLAS HAWKSMOOR'S DESIGN FOR NEW CLASSICAL BUILDINGS FOR BRASENOSE: FROM THE OXFORD ALMANACK OF 1723.

Amongst the reasons which led Mr. Balsdon to write his book, we are told, was "the experience of showing Oxford to visitors who, after they have seen the magnificence and the beauty of the place—the chapels, the libraries, the halls and the gardens—ask hesitatingly if they could be allowed to see a set of rooms in which an undergraduate lives. For Oxford is more than its buildings; it is the life that goes on in them and has gone on in them for centuries." The result of doing one sort of Conducted Tour is that Mr. Balsdon has embarked on several sorts of Conducted Tours simultaneously, through Time and through Space.

His general framework is the Academic Year. After he has set the stage, brought the freshmen up, and outlined the nature of University and Colleges, he proceeds to Michaelmas Term. Under this, in his List of Contents, Mr. Balsdon has fifteen sub-headings. He prints them vertically, but I must print them in a current horizontal way, or this page would look like a set of teeth with a huge gap in it—note the variety he introduces: "Sunday morning," "Committee meetings," "High Table," "College lodge," "Interruption: Degree Day," "Heads of Houses in general, and freshmen to sherry in particular," "Autumn days," "North Oxford in general and Sunday afternoon tea in particular," "5 November: Powder-Treason Day," "All Souls Day: Fellows of All Souls," "Sixth Week," "Late November Day," "Old Boys' Dinners," "Advent," and "End of term collections."

A great deal of miscellaneous information could be, and is, conveyed under such a miscellaneous collection of headlines as that. And when Mr. Balsdon proceeds to his next section, namely "Christmas Vac," he becomes more miscellaneous still: his first three sub-headings being "Twickenham," "Scholarships," and "Employment in Vacation." The menacing new thing is "Employment in Vacation"; in my time those undergraduates who couldn't afford to go (or perhaps, weren't asked to go) to Scotland on August 12, or to partridge countries on September 1, took quiet holidays, perhaps sailing or fishing, in their home counties, or went on a Reading Party, conducted by a Don, or concentrated at home on a Vacation Essay. I did that, at the end of my first year: I wrote a 10,000-word essay about the Novels of George Gissing. The whole of that Long Vac, except when I was out catching mackerel across Fowey Bay, I devoted myself to his novels. I shot my essay into the Letter-Box, and heard no more; I was beaten by a friend who became a missionary in Delhi. He was an earnest man (a very dear man) and probably concentrated on Gissing as a sociological revealer. For me I had concentrated merely on style, characterisation, and general æsthetics; the judge was the Master of the College, who was a mathematician and a recluse.

Doesn't that paragraph show how Mr. Balsdon's book makes an old University Man wander? The holiday occupations of the modern undergraduate seem to include being waiters and dish-washers. Some things seem to remain the same. In his second section, which is called "Christmas Vac," Mr. Balsdon includes some pages on "Twickenham." Well, when first I went to the University Rugger Match it wasn't at Twickenham, the gigantic new ground of England and the Harlequins, where you can hear people saying "Who is the Goal-Keeper?" but at the cosy old ground at Queen's Club where every spectator, of either sex, was directly involved, one way or the other. But, in a passage of dialogue which marks him as a novelist (and I think he might, if he let himself go, become a novelist on the Pickwickian scale) he intercepts a conversation, at Twickenham, between old friends new met which is so typical that it melts the heart.



A FAMOUS DEBATING CHAMBER AND ONE OF "THE HIGH PLATFORMS OF UNIVERSITY DISTINCTION": THE UNION.

Illustrations reproduced from "Oxford Life," by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

"Plus ça change," one thinks over the gulf of fifty years. One can't be so sure, however. As I write, a correspondence, quite mild, is proceeding in *The Times* on the subject of the expansion of the Ancient Universities. An Oxford Don has said that there must be more Colleges to cope with the great Influx (of State and Municipal scholars, I presume) and the Master of Jesus at Cambridge (a notable English scholar) has replied that if the ancient Universities expand much more they simply won't be themselves.

The words "Oxford" and "Cambridge" seem to have a magical effect on the people who award the State and Municipal Scholarships: and on the parents of the competing boys. Birmingham may try to erect itself, Nottingham may try to erect itself, Leeds, Sheffield, Liverpool and Manchester; but no, it must be Oxford and Cambridge. Boys whose fathers were at Oxford and Cambridge Colleges can't get in because of the competition. I wonder what percentage of these publicly-endowed boys get third-class degrees, after all their swotting.

Heavier endowments for these "red-brick" Universities in the great industrial towns, I do not suggest. But there are under-endowed Universities in Britain which could give undergraduates much the same sort of background that Oxford and Cambridge gave in my time. Exeter may be taken as an example. When it was first founded it was called "The University College of the South-West"—which sounds like something out of Michigan. Durham is another, where the Castle and the Cathedral make a background, architecturally and historically, of which either Oxford or Cambridge might be proud. And then, farther North, there is St. Andrews, a place full of ancient tradition and ancient buildings. I have the greatest respect for Lord Nuffield, both as industrialist and as philanthropist. I am sorry that he was born in Oxford, which his works have done much to spoil; I am delighted that he wasn't born in Cambridge, which looks like being spoilt less rapidly than Oxford, though huge flats are proposed for Hills Road; but I wish he could draw the attention of his superb Foundation to the smaller Universities in the smaller Towns.

This book has restored my youth to me: over and over again, while reading it, I have said to myself "My goodness, I'd forgotten that!" I have no great respect for my youth; I talked a great deal of rot and so did my friends. But we were young and eager and meant well. A new generation has now to face a new set of horrors. Being English they will do it. Being Oxford they will do it. I remember that I went to all sorts of countries from Sweden to Italy after the silly resolution of the Oxford Union, that they would not fight for King or Country, and tried in vain to persuade foreigners that resolutions of the Oxford Union meant nothing. When it came to the point the debaters died.

* "Oxford Life." By Dacre Balsdon. Illustrated. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 25s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 762 of this issue.

N.B.—"Drawn from Memory," by Ernest H. Shepard, which was reviewed by Sir John Squire in our last issue, is published by Methuen and Co. Ltd. at 21s., and not by Collins as stated.

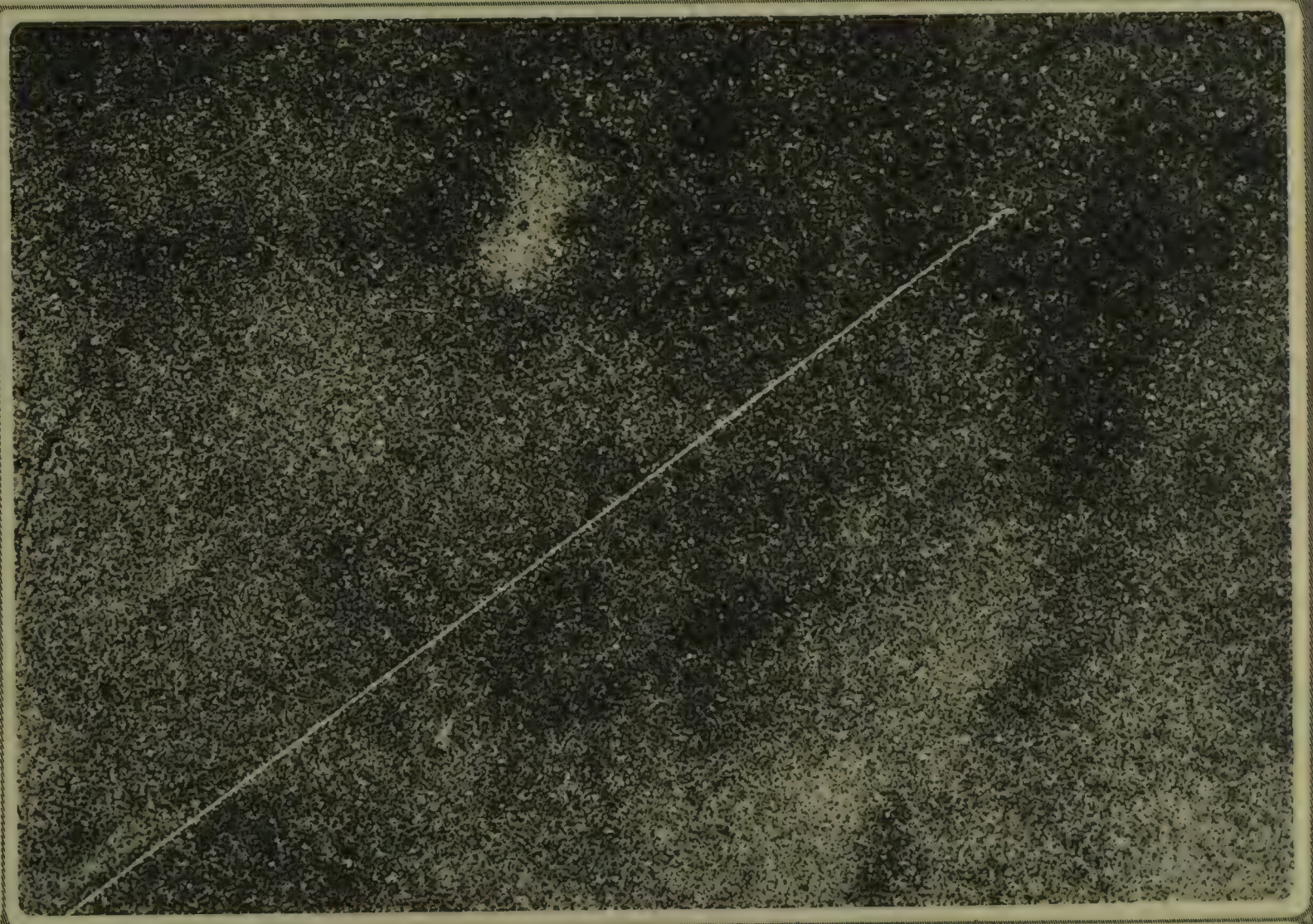
A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



(Above.)
U.S.A. AFTER A TEST FIRING: AMERICAN EXPERTS EXAMINING A *MATADOR* GUIDED MISSILE BROUGHT SAFELY TO EARTH BY PARACHUTE.
Parachutes have recently been introduced in guided-missile tests in the United States for the purpose of retrieving missiles after test firings. The missiles are thus made available for examination after flight and can also be used again.



TURKEY. A UNITED STATES GUIDED-MISSILE CRUISER VISITING A TURKISH PORT: U.S.S. *CANBERRA* AT SMYRNA.
Four warships of the United States Sixth Fleet arrived at the Turkish port of Smyrna on a courtesy visit on Oct. 18. In view of the tension between Syria and Turkey the visit was not without political significance. One of the ships was the guided-missile cruiser *Canberra*.



(Right.)
AUSTRALIA. THE TRACK OF THE RUSSIAN EARTH SATELLITE: PHOTOGRAPHED AT MT. STROMLO, NEAR CANBERRA.
Scientists in Australia have been taking an active part in tracking the Russian satellite "Sputnik" during its frequent circuits round the earth. The accompanying photograph was taken by the Australian Commonwealth Observatory at Mt. Stromlo, near Canberra. Other scientists, working at Woomera, have been tracking the satellite by radio. The satellite has been seen by numerous Australians during its brief appearances in their skies.



THE MEDITERRANEAN. A U.S. *ALBATROSS* AMPHIBIAN AIRCRAFT WHICH HAD TO TAXI 70 MILES AFTER SUSTAINING DAMAGE IN A RESCUE OPERATION. (THE BOAT IS FROM H.M.S. *BIRMINGHAM*, WHICH ASSISTED IN THE RESCUE.)
The rescue from the sea of a United States Air Force pilot who recently baled out of his aircraft over the Mediterranean was followed by a curious sequel. The *Albatross* amphibian aircraft which rescued the man was damaged as it landed on the sea and, being unable to take-off again, had to taxi some seventy miles across the water to a port in Tunisia.



UNITED STATES. DEVELOPED FOR THE U.S. ARMY: A LIGHT-WEIGHT PLASTIC CARTRIDGE CASE FOR ARTILLERY SHELLS.
A scientist from the U.S. Naval Ordnance Laboratory, Silver Spring, Maryland, which has developed this plastic cartridge case, is here seen demonstrating the tough flexibility of these cases, which weigh less than half as much as metal cases.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



HAMBURG, WEST GERMANY. A NEWLY-CONSECRATED MODERN CHURCH, WITH A NAVE LIKE THE PROW OF A SHIP, A SPIRE LIKE AN ELONGATED "A," AND A FACADE LIKE AN OPEN-AIR AUDITORIUM.



ITALY. AT SANTA MARIA DI GALLERIA, NEAR ROME: THE POPE INAUGURATING THE NEW TRANSMITTING STATION OF VATICAN RADIO.
On October 27 the Pope drove from his summer residence at Castel Gandolfo to Santa Maria di Galleria, 15 miles south of Rome, where he inaugurated the new transmitting station of Vatican Radio. It is the most powerful short-wave transmitter in Europe. A photograph of the radio station appears on page 742.



NORTH CAROLINA, U.S.A. DR. BILLY GRAHAM MAKES FRIENDS—WITH A FENCE BETWEEN—WITH THE RAM WHICH RECENTLY BUTTED HIM DOWN A MOUNTAIN-SLOPE, WHEN HE WAS EXAMINING THE FLOCK ON OCTOBER 20.



PERSIA. WATCHING PERSIAN ARMY MANŒUVRES: KING FAISAL OF IRAQ (LEFT) WITH THE SHAH OF PERSIA, DURING HIS VISIT TO PERSIA.
On October 18 King Faisal of Iraq arrived at Teheran to begin an official visit to Persia, accompanied by the Crown Prince, Abdul Illah. Among the subjects for discussion was the Baghdad Pact.



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. DESIGNED TO REASSURE YOUNG CHILDREN: AN EXPERIMENTAL "MICKEY MOUSE" MASK, TO GIVE PROTECTION AGAINST GASES, BIOLOGICAL AGENTS AND RADIOACTIVE DUSTS. SEVERAL OTHER TYPES OF CIVILIAN MASK ARE BEING DEVELOPED.



THE UNITED STATES. JUST A FRIENDLY ENCOUNTER: *BUBBLES*, A WHALE IN THE MARINELAND AT PALOS VERDES, CALIFORNIA, CLOSING HER MOUTH GENTLY ON HER TRAINER'S HAND.



RIYADH, SAUDI ARABIA. KING SAUD (CENTRE, DARK GLASSES) WITH THE TURKISH MINISTER OF STATE, MR. ZORLU, DURING RECENT DISCUSSIONS OF THE SYRIAN CRISIS.
The offer made by King Saud of Saudi Arabia on Oct. 20 to mediate in the dispute between Syria and Turkey was accepted by Turkey, but Syria, on the contrary, asked him to withdraw his offer and on Oct. 27 there were confused Syrian reports that King Saud had withdrawn it.



EAST AFRICA. IN NAIROBI: THE AGA KHAN BEING PRESENTED WITH THE RING DURING HIS INSTALLATION AS IMAM OF THE ISMAILI SECT.
On October 22, at the second of three East African ceremonies installing him as the forty-ninth Imam of the Ismaili sect, the new Aga Khan, who is twenty, replied to loyal addresses from Ismaili and Muslim organisations throughout East Africa.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



TURKEY. THE TURKISH GENERAL ELECTION: A LARGE MEETING ORGANISED BY THE OPPOSITION PEOPLE'S PARTY IN ISTANBUL RECENTLY.



TURKEY. CAMPAIGNING FOR THE RE-ELECTION TO POWER OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY: MR. MENDERES, THE TURKISH PRIME MINISTER, SPEAKING IN ISTANBUL.
The Turkish General Election was to be held on October 27. Mr. Inönü, a former President of Turkey and now leader of the People's Party, is a notable opponent of Mr. Menderes, the Prime Minister and leader of the Democratic Party. In the last parliament there were three Opposition parties, but the Democratic Party had a large absolute majority.



SPERLONGA, ITALY. KING GUSTAV OF SWEDEN (CENTRE) WITH PROFESSOR JACOPI (RIGHT) EXAMINING THE FRAGMENT OF A MONSTROUS SERPENT DISCOVERED IN THE GROTTO.
King Gustav of Sweden, who is a keen archæologist at present engaged on a dig in Etruria, recently visited the Sperlonga cave, where a huge find of Greek statuary has been found (as reported in our last issue). It now appears that the colossal figure found may be part of a (perhaps monolithic) Laocoon group more than twice as big as the Vatican Laocoon. Other fragments are now identified as the rescue of Anchises by Æneas.



TURKEY. A RAILWAY CRASH IN WHICH SOME EIGHTY-FIVE PEOPLE DIED: WRECKAGE OF THE TWO TRAINS WHICH COLLIDED AT ISPARTAKULE ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 20-21.
One of Turkey's worst railway crashes occurred at midnight on Oct. 20-21 when two trains collided near Ispartakule, killing about eighty-five people and injuring many more. Although at first it was thought the Simplon Orient express was involved, this was later denied.

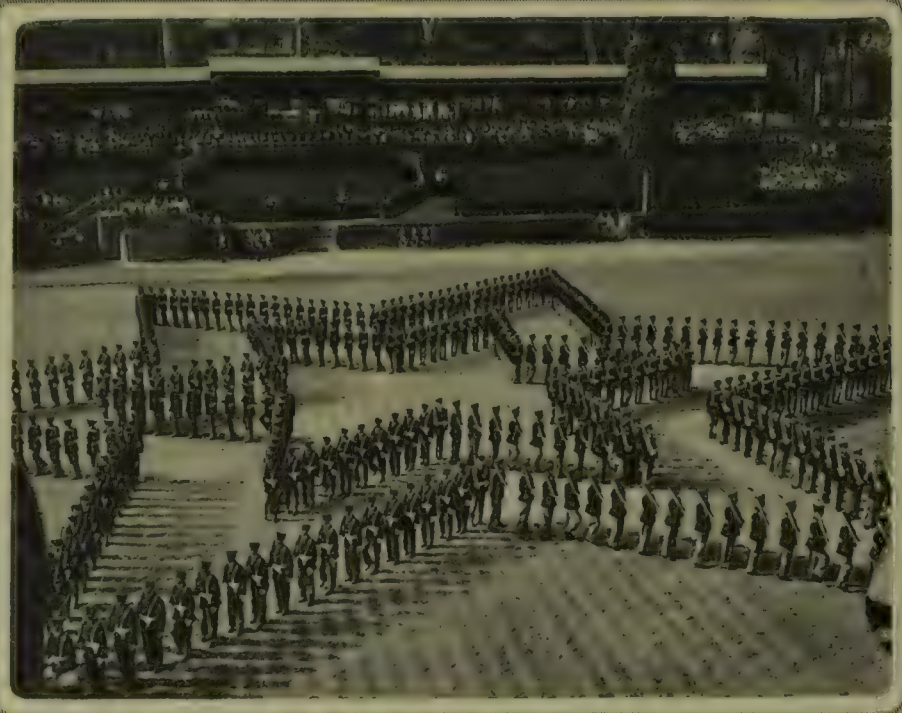


THE U.N., NEW YORK. AT THE MEETING OF THE U.N. STEERING COMMITTEE: THE TURKISH DELEGATE SPEAKING ABOUT HOSTILE SYRIAN ALLEGATIONS.
On Oct. 18 the United Nations steering committee, meeting in New York, recommended that the Syrian complaint about threats to her security from Turkey should be considered by the General Assembly. The Syrian complaint was angrily stated by Syria and Russia in the Assembly on Oct. 22, but the debate was then adjourned until Oct. 25.



THE U.N., NEW YORK. A SPEECH ACCUSING TURKEY OF WARLIKE INTENTIONS: THE SYRIAN DELEGATE (RIGHT) ADDRESSING THE U.N. STEERING COMMITTEE.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



ROME. STARS OF THE LAW: MEMBERS OF THE ITALIAN SECURITY POLICE FORMING TWO STARS DURING AN IMPRESSIVE DISPLAY IN THE PIAZZA DI SIENA.
On October 20 there was a spectacular parade in Rome's Piazza di Siena to celebrate the 105th anniversary of the foundation of the *Corpo di Pubblica Sicurezza*. The display was watched by President Gronchi and a crowd numbering some 30,000 people.



FRANCE. SHAPED LIKE AN INVERTED CONE: AN UNUSUAL REINFORCED CONCRETE STRUCTURE WHICH IS NEARING COMPLETION IN THE CENTRE OF CAEN.
In Caen, where a new city has been built side by side with the undamaged part of the old, this unusual concrete structure is nearing completion. The building combines a water tower, municipal offices and a post office. Below, there will be public baths and the town market.



LONDON. A WORLD SALEROOM RECORD: "THE TRAPPER'S RETURN," BY CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF, WHICH WAS SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S ON OCTOBER 23 FOR THE RECORD PRICE OF £2100.
This work by Cornelius Krieghoff, painter of nineteenth-century Canada, was bought at Sotheby's by a Canadian private collector. This new record price is yet further evidence of the rapidly rising value of the work of Krieghoff. Two paintings by him are reproduced on the first page of our Colour Supplement this week. One of these—"Winter Sleigh Ride, Quebec"—was among seventeen paintings stolen from the Laing Galleries, Toronto, in the early hours of October 19. Four days later the police found all the paintings abandoned and undamaged in a central Toronto alley.



ITALY. SOME FIFTEEN MILES FROM ROME: A RADIO TRANSMITTING STATION, RECENTLY INAUGURATED BY THE POPE, WHICH RELAYS PROGRAMMES FROM THE VATICAN.
One of the most modern radio transmitting stations in the world was inaugurated by the Pope on Sunday, October 27. The mast which relays programmes from a studio within the Vatican is designed in the form of a cross so as to be both functional and symbolic.



KENYA. RECENTLY ERECTED BY THE NYERI AFRICAN DISTRICT COUNCIL: A MEMORIAL TO COMMEMORATE ALL LOYALISTS WHO DIED IN THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST MAU MAU. SIMILAR OBELISKS ARE BEING ERECTED IN OTHER DISTRICTS OF THE CENTRAL PROVINCE WHICH WERE THE MAIN CENTRES OF THE EMERGENCY OPERATIONS.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE SOCIALIST REPLY TO KHRUSHCHEV.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

THE letter of Mr. Khrushchev addressed to the British Labour Party was delivered to Mr. Gaitskell as long ago as October 12. It involves, however, an important principle, and from that point of view is still worthy of consideration. Any apology for dealing with it so long after the event is further lightened by the fact that the full reply—there had already been a preliminary one—was drawn up only on October 23. I have been reading this reply on the 24th, appropriately, because this is United Nations Day. The main subject of the Russian letter, the relations between Turkey and Syria, is now before the United Nations.

The reply pointed out that under the British Constitution the Parliamentary Opposition does not enter into direct negotiation with the Governments of other States on official matters. Such matters are constitutionally dealt with by the Government of the day. It was true, the reply went on, that the message was formally sent by the Soviet Communist Party. In view, however, of the fact that it reached the Labour Party through the Russian Embassy in London, and of the Constitution of the Soviet Union, it must be regarded as coming from the Soviet Government. In these circumstances the proposed meeting was unacceptable. The Labour Party was not, it was stated, prepared to undertake joint activities with any Communist party. The Turkish-Syrian question should be left in the hands of the United Nations. The Labour Party would continue to do all in its power to settle international problems and secure a lasting world peace.

Messages from several uncoordinated sources showed that there had been some differences of opinion in drawing up the answer and that these had been frankly revealed. We learnt that Mr. Bevan had been averse to an unqualified condemnation of the approach to the Labour Party. Mr. J. Mathews, of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers, was said to have advocated a reply on the lines of that of the Dutch Labour Party, which had written: "It is you, with your system of government and domination, who threaten peace. There is therefore no basis for discussion between you and us." The majority, however, followed Mr. Bevan in his preference for what was virtually the language of diplomacy. I have seen no criticism of this line, which has indeed much to recommend it.

On the other hand, it is suggested that some members of the National Executive would have been prepared to deal with questions of policy in the Middle East. The reasons put forward to explain the decision not to do so read a little oddly. They are that the Labour Party will, in the future, make its contribution to the shaping of policy in this quarter, but that, if it discussed the matter with Mr. Khrushchev now, it might appear later that the Labour Party was merely echoing him and had been inspired by his initiative. I say the gloss on British Labour's foreign policy is an odd one because it seems to me that it would lay itself open to the charge of following in Khrushchev's footsteps only if it actually did so. Surely it is not going to.

With the exception of *The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*, most of the London daily Press had not much to say on the subject, which it evidently regarded as already exhausted. The *Daily Worker*, I thought, from its point of view handled the news well. Its correspondent treated the matter factually, presuming it to be a fact that one member of the National Executive informed him that Mr. Khrushchev appeared to have done good service by bringing the matter up. The thunderbolts were reserved for the editorial, the right principle. The action of the Labour Party was condemned as shameful. The Opposition does not enter into negotiations with the Governments of other States. Well and good. "But no one asked the Labour Party to do any such thing. One working-class party—the Soviet Communist Party—approached another—the British Labour Party."

And that, of course, is Mr. Khrushchev's contention. If the approach had come from, say, the Dutch Labour Party, the argument would have been sound. The trouble is (*a*) that there is only one party in Russia, the ruling party, the Communist Party; and (*b*) that, though Mr. Khrushchev writes as the Secretary of the Russian Communist Party, he is, in fact, the executive ruler of Russia. He is indeed becoming that in a fuller sense as time goes on. To begin with, there was some suggestion that the governance of Russia might become to a greater extent a matter of team work, but the team has been receding into the background and Mr. Khrushchev is assuming the mantle of dictatorship. It may be that the Soviet Union cannot be run on any other lines. That is its affair, but a dictator cannot be treated as the equivalent of Mr. Morgan Phillips.

Another feature of the business worthy of comment is the Tory praise lavished on the Labour Party at the time when its preliminary reply was made and its attitude was first made public. It was acclaimed as most praiseworthy—and unexpectedly so. It was described as patriotic and dignified. Well, it was praiseworthy, patriotic, and dignified; but the general reaction, though not the wording of the letter, was surely what was to be expected. Had I been a member of the Labour Party I should not have taken as a compliment this suggestion of "didn't know they had it in 'em." But perhaps this is one of the felinities of party politics.

The Labour Party in this country has passed through days when discretion in dealing with Russia less strong than that displayed this month has brought embarrassment in its train. It has found that even a purely social occasion, such as a dinner-party, can be used to provide fresh embarrassment. As for this occasion, there can be no doubt in its case. The difference between the Soviet Communist Party and the British Labour Party was given in the latter's reply, and I have striven to elaborate it in my commentary. Any suggestion that Mr. Khrushchev was unaware of it can be dismissed out of hand. He has acquired far more knowledge of our domestic politics than Stalin ever possessed.

In brief, what Mr. Khrushchev was aiming at was the setting up under Russian auspices of a campaign on the part of our Parliamentary Opposition against our elected Government. The field was the Middle East. The detailed objects of the campaign are complex, but the final one is Russian control of that region, primarily in order to deprive the nations to which Russia is politically opposed of the oil supplies. It was mainly to counter this Russian effort that, almost simultaneously with the framing of the Labour Party's reply, our Prime Minister crossed the Atlantic to visit Washington. In such circumstances it would indeed have been reckless improbity on the part of the Labour Party to send a message in any terms less decisive.

The British Labour Party may differ from the British Government about Middle East policy, past, present and future. Here, however, the aim was to trick the party not merely into adopting this policy or that but into a direct attack on the interests of the country. That is what makes the affair sinister. To us it is impossible to imagine success attending a stab in the back of this kind, yet Mr. Khrushchev may have hoped for at least a slip-up. As things have turned out, he has hampered his cause instead of advancing it, since Oppositions will scan even indirect communications cautiously in future. They will do well to do so.

ANNOUNCING THE 1957 CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



TO BE PUBLISHED ON NOVEMBER 8—THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF *THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*: A MONOCHROME REPRODUCTION OF THE FAMILIAR RED-AND-GOLD COVER WITH, INSET, JAN MOLENAER'S AMUSING "THE YOUNG MUSICIANS."

The 1957 Christmas Number of *The Illustrated London News* is packed with a splendid variety of good things to bring delight to young and old. There are twenty-four pages in full colour, including a superbly crisp Flemish winter scene by Lucas van Uden; a delightful selection of Penny Toys; four Antarctic scenes by Edward Seago, painted on board the Royal yacht *Britannia* during the Duke of Edinburgh's recent world tour; and numerous other paintings and drawings ranging over five centuries. There are also two illustrated seasonable short stories, an article on "Christmas Legends" by Margaret G. Aldred, and five pages of drawings by Alastair Flattely illustrating "Real Ghost Stories from Scotland." This outstanding Christmas Number can be ordered now from your newsagent or bookstall manager, price 4s., or direct from The Publisher (Dept. EN), Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, for 4s. 6d. (postage included). At the same price the Publisher will also send copies to your friends at home or abroad, together with a colourful Christmas card naming you as the donor—a superb gift for those you want to spoil, for little more than the cost of a conventional greetings card.

N.B.—The reproduction on this page does not illustrate Captain Falls' article.



DURING THE RESPLENDENT FINALE OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES:

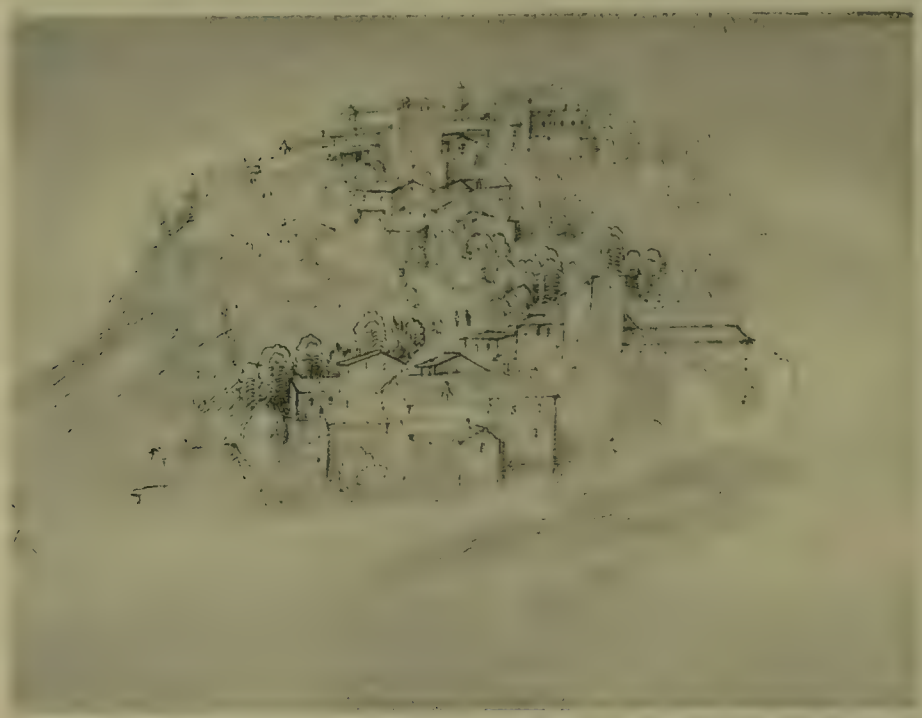
The climax of the crowded and unforgettable day which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh spent in New York on October 21 was the Commonwealth Ball at the Seventh Regiment Armoury in Park Avenue. It was also the last engagement of the Royal visit to the United States. The Queen and the Duke went on to the Ball from the Waldorf-Astoria, where they had attended a banquet organised jointly by the Pilgrims of the United States and the English-Speaking Union. The Queen wore one of the loveliest dresses of the tour. It was designed by Norman Hartnell and was slimly cut in lace and lavishly embroidered and had a cascading fantail train in rainbow colours. More than 4,500 people, many of them citizens of Britain and the Commonwealth living in the New York area, were present at the Ball at which scores of British, Anglo-American and Commonwealth organisations were represented.



HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE COMMONWEALTH BALL.

Our photograph shows the resplendent scene in the Seventh Regiment Armoury just after the arrival of the Queen and the Duke and while the National Anthem was being played. The Royal visitors were reluctant to disappoint the many guests at the Commonwealth Ball by leaving early, and they finally reached the airport an hour behind schedule. Crowds of people lined the route to Idlewild Airport, and, late as it was, there were children among the many thousands of New Yorkers who were waiting to catch a last glimpse of the Royal couple. The Queen, still wearing evening dress, was escorted to the aircraft and she and the Duke paused halfway up the steps to turn and wave at the crowd of officials who burst into applause. As the aircraft left at 1.58 a.m. (local time), a band from West Point played "Will Ye No Come Back Again?" and, finally, "Auld Lang Syne."

TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION IN LONDON: A NOTABLE COLLECTION OF RECENTLY IDENTIFIED ITALIAN LANDSCAPE DRAWINGS BY FRA BARTOLOMMEO.



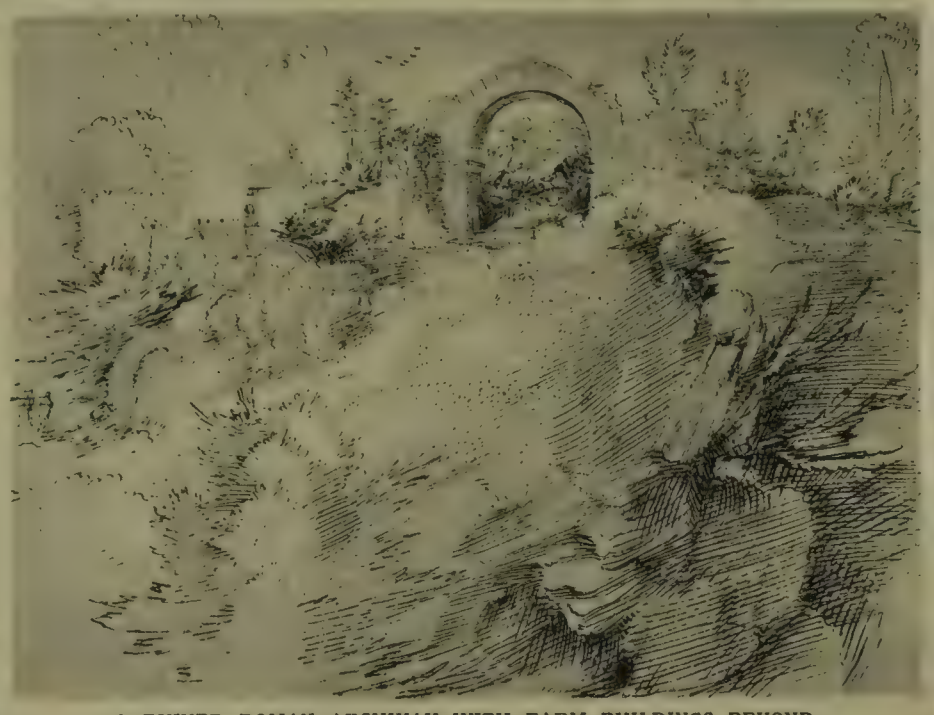
"A VIEW OF FIESOLE FROM THE MUGNONE VALLEY": IN THE SALE OF DRAWINGS OF LANDSCAPES AND TREES BY FRA BARTOLOMMEO (1475-1517) AT SOTHEBY'S ON NOVEMBER 20. (Pen and ink; 8⅞ by 11⅞ ins.)



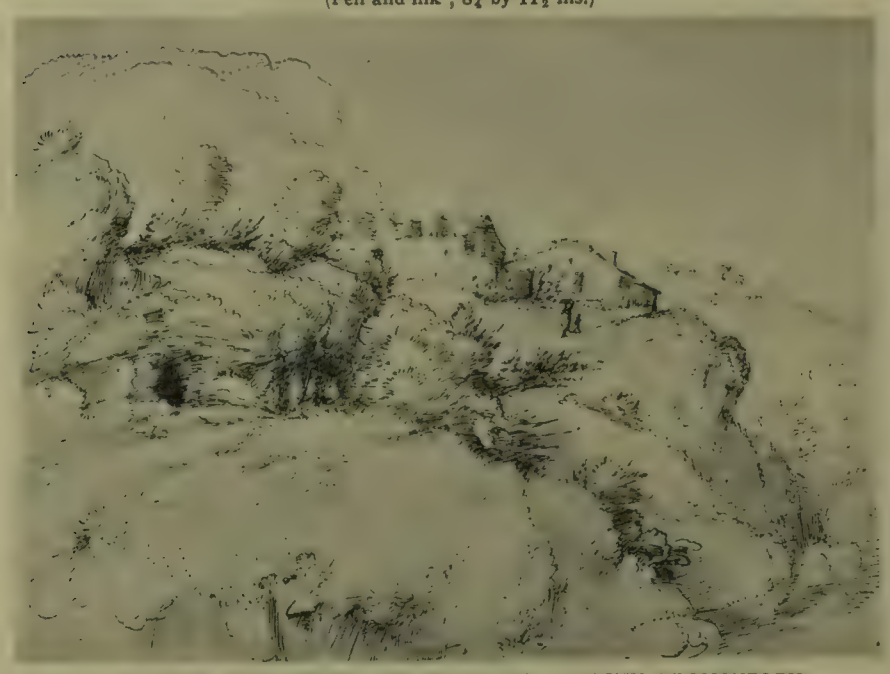
BEARING AN EARLY SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY INSCRIPTION ATTRIBUTING THE DRAWING TO FRA BARTOLOMMEO, AND A LATER NOTE GIVING IT TO ANDREA DEL SARTO: A DRAWING OF A MEDIÆVAL TOWN. (Pen and ink; 8⅞ by 11⅛ ins.)



A DRAWING OF A FARM WITH SEVERAL DELIGHTFUL DETAILS. (Pen and ink; 8¾ by 11½ ins.)



A RUINED ROMAN ARCHWAY WITH FARM BUILDINGS BEYOND. (Pen and ink; 7⅛ by 11⅞ ins.)



A FARM AND RUINED BUILDINGS ON A ROCKY PROMONTORY. (Pen and ink; 8⅞ by 11⅞ ins.)



A RIVER SCENE WITH FISHERMEN ON THE SHORE AND A TOWN IN THE DISTANCE. (Pen and ink; 8⅛ by 11½ ins.)

An outstanding event of the London saleroom season will be the sale at Messrs. Sotheby's, 34 and 35, New Bond Street, on November 20, of a superb group of drawings of landscapes and trees by the Florentine artist, Fra Bartolommeo (1475-1517). The forty-one sheets, of which seventeen are double-sided, are being sold separately. They were bought in Southern Ireland by the present anonymous owner in 1925, but were only identified at the British Museum a few months ago. They were assembled in 1730 in a volume bound in sheepskin, containing a frontispiece, title page and two drawings by other hands, and bearing the coat of arms of Francesco Gabburri and a note in his hand attributing them to Andrea del Sarto. In her preface to the catalogue, Mrs. Carmen Gronau traces the fascinating history of these drawings which, as a group, "are amongst the earliest known pure landscape drawings in European art." It is clear from the inventories of Fra Bartolommeo's studio that these drawings "represent no less than one-quarter of the landscape drawings by the Master which were in the studio at the time of his death." Fra Bartolommeo's heir, Fra Paolino da Pistoia, gave the drawings to his pupil, Plautilla Nelli, who was a nun of the Convent of St. Catherine in Piazza San Marco, Florence, where they were "rescued" and bought many years later, in 1725, by Francesco Gabburri, a Florentine art historian and collector, who attributed them to Andrea del Sarto. Nothing definite is known about the history of these drawings after Gabburri, except that they may have been in the possession of William Kent.



THREE STUDIES OF TREES : THE LAST OF THE FORTY-ONE SHEETS BY FRA BARTOLOMMEO AND ONE OF A NUMBER OF STRIKING DRAWINGS OF TREES. (Black chalk and wash ; 15⅞ by 10⅞ ins.)



THE FIRST DRAWING IN THE GABBURRI VOLUME AND THE FIRST LOT IN THE SALE : A DRAWING WITH A SUPERB GROUP OF HORSEMEN AND FIGURES. (Pen and ink ; 11⅞ by 8 7/16 ins.)



PILGRIMS APPROACHING A SHRINE ON A WOODED HILL : A DRAWING WHICH ACHIEVES A HIGH DEGREE OF COMPOSITION AND DETAIL WITH GREAT ECONOMY OF METHOD. (Pen and ink ; 11⅛ by 8⅛ ins.)



AN OUTSTANDING DRAWING OF A HERMITAGE ON THE SLOPE OF A ROCKY HILL : THE *RECTO* OF ONE OF THE SEVENTEEN DOUBLE-SIDED SHEETS. (Pen and ink ; 11 7/16 by 8⅛ ins.)



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE FAIENCE OF ROUEN.

WE hadn't seen Le Havre or Rouen for forty years, at which time, you may have heard, Kaiser Wilhelm II was being a nuisance ; since then Hitler has been an even greater nuisance, with the result that both places suffered horribly. My wife and I thought we would go and see how the French were getting on with reconstruction, so this September we took the boat from Southampton and reached Le Havre at the ungodly hour of 6 a.m. in the midst of what seemed to us a hurricane ; the *plage* appeared to be about to hurl itself at us and the south-westerly gale was so strong that we were glad to take refuge in a marvellous new church of reinforced concrete, whose spire, 107 metres in height, and with no intervening floors, was lit by hundreds of small panes of admirable stained glass comparable in quality with the stained glass of the distant past. The whole of the town centre is brand new, with a wide central avenue with trees, grass and flowers flanked by well-proportioned apartment blocks. A proud, cheerful taximan described it as finer than the Champs-Elysées—and maybe, when the trees have grown, a later generation will echo his boast.



FIG. 1. MADE IN ROUEN IN ABOUT 1725: A CIRCULAR FAIENCE DISH DECORATED WITH A GROUP OF CUPIDS ON AN OCHRE GROUND AND WITH A BORDER OF BLUE AND RED LAMBREQUINS. (Diameter, 22 ins.) (Lent by the Musée de Bernay.)

The rebuilding of Rouen is not so far advanced but proceeds with no less imagination. The Cathedral repairs are nearly completed—it had suffered less than we feared—but the main disaster, the destruction of the Renaissance Palais de Justice, would seem irreparable. Rouen is a busy, bustling inland port, with a proper pride in both its past and present—it is even proud of its narrow mediæval streets in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral, which I should like to see demolished, though the Chamber of Commerce believes they are good for the tourist industry ; to judge by the peaked faces of some of the children living there they are not fit for human habitation in the twentieth century. The surprise was the Museum, though the more you venture through the French provinces the less you are surprised by the wealth of fine things to be found in unexpected corners. Later we found a famous Jerome Bosch set up casually on an easel in the middle of a room in the quiet little library of St. Germain-en-Laye, about twelve miles from Paris. It was as if you went to Kingston and found a Holbein in the local council chamber. Rouen can boast of a magnificent Gerard David, an Antoine le Nain, a Georges de la Tour, a huge Delacroix, the famous Ingres "La Belle Zélie," and a beautiful series of later masters from Corot to Renoir.

All this was wholly unexpected. What was not unexpected was a collection of Rouen earthenware, but here again I was taken aback, because I had not realised how much of this highly decorative ware had survived, nor how impressive it is when seen widely spaced out. I have heard the ware compared to its disadvantage with the products of many other French factories, and it is true enough that it is liable to be a trifle monotonous ; but you soon find yourself forgetting its somewhat limited colour range in your admiration for the depth of its blues, near blacks, varied reds and ochres, and for the exceptional dignity of its designs, especially in the type of large dish seen in Fig. 1, with its highly complicated border (lambrequins). It is something outside English taste altogether, but it is related, though somewhat later, to the majestic language of the decorative arts current throughout the long reign of Louis XIV.



FIG. 2. BEARING THE ARMS OF BERNART D'AVERNES, A MEMBER OF A NORMANDY FAMILY WHO DIED IN 1747: A GAILY DECORATED ROUEN ARMORIAL POLYCHROME DISH, MADE BY GUILLIBAUD IN ABOUT 1735. (Length, 13½ ins.) (Collection André Marie, Rouen.)

The industry can be traced back to the sixteenth century, when the local clays were first used by Abaquesne for decorative tiles and pharmacy jars (the latter very like the Italian). Then, towards 1650, the Poterat family began to make a wide range of wares in the manner of Faenza, and also blue and white in imitation of Dutch Delft. They also, together with the other French potters as well as the Dutch, played their part in the manufacture of tiles for one of the several "follies" of Louis XIV—the so-called Trianon de Porcelaine—actually, of course, not of porcelain, but of earthenware—which the King built near Versailles in the winter of 1670-71 for his mistress, Mme. de Montespan. This fantastic structure was intended to rival the famous Porcelain Pagoda at Nanking, which was covered with the rock-hard coloured earthenware the Chinese had made for many centuries. The French and Dutch tiles, porous and fragile, could not resist frost, and by 1687 the cost of repair was so enormous that the building was pulled down. Yet the King's extravagance, so disastrous in other directions, was destined to prove a boon to the potters before many years were past. In 1709 he sent his plate to the mint and his courtiers were compelled to follow suit ; Saint-Simon, in his Memoirs, notes how within a week retailers' faience stocks were exhausted. At last faience was to be seen on the tables of the best people and was no longer confined to the kitchen. Numerous Rouen pieces survive decorated with the arms of noble families, one of which is seen in Fig. 2—and a gay enough pattern, too, with its girl in a swing, not improved, to my mind, by the outsize insects on each side.

In the early eighteenth century Chinese porcelain was still a great rarity, and it is, by the way, interesting to read that Louis XIV, the greatest monarch in Europe, possessed only 695 pieces in 1675, though at that date he had a further 1058 for a table-service on order. The potters tried their hand at imitation, and Fig. 3 is clearly as direct an imitation of a typical K'ang-Hsi plate as makes no matter. There are several of these at Rouen, and while they are by no means slavish copies, they are—considering the comparative clumsiness of the material—astonishingly close to the original not merely in their design, but in the slightly cold, bluey-green tint of the white glaze. Indeed, if you are not too close and are unable to handle them, you could be forgiven for mistaking them for Chinese. It is scarcely necessary to remark that numerous potters, and not only at Rouen, were striving might and main to produce real porcelain, and not passable imitations. This plate and its neighbours represent a gallant effort. Fig. 4, with its polychrome painting of Atalanta returning from the chase, takes one back to the fashions of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Italian maiolicas.

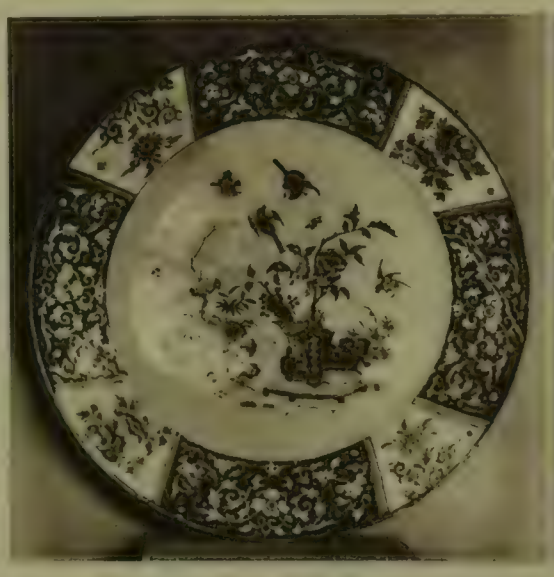


FIG. 3. INSPIRED BY A CHINESE K'ANG-HSI ORIGINAL: A ROUEN DISH OF ABOUT 1700. FRANK DAVIS, WHO SAW THESE FOUR PIECES AT THE MUSEE DE ROUEN, WRITES ABOUT ROUEN FAIENCE IN HIS ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE. (Diameter, 19¼ ins.) (The Musée de Rouen.)



FIG. 4. DECORATED WITH A POLYCHROME PAINTING OF ATALANTA RETURNING FROM THE CHASE: A ROUEN FAIENCE DISH OF ABOUT 1720, WHICH IS REMINISCENT OF ITALIAN MAIOLICAS OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES. (Diameter, 19 ins.) (Lent by the Musée de Bernay.)

Photographs by Monique Porée, Rouen.

By the end of the eighteenth century English cream-ware, at once more practical and cheaper, put an end to the manufacture of the type of tin-enamelled earthenware which the French called faience, the Dutch delft, and which we also produced at Lambeth, and then at Bristol and Liverpool under the name of English delft. Perhaps these few photographs provide enough evidence to show to what a high standard the Rouen potteries attained. Attractive, vigorous and engaging though our own productions were in this material during the years from about 1650 to 1750, we have, as far as I know, nothing to compare with these splendid dishes from Rouen and the other French centres—Nevers, Strasbourg and Marseilles, to name only three. We are naturally proud of those great blue-dash chargers of the seventeenth century from Lambeth with their naïve paintings of Adam and Eve, or Kings and Queens, and with later imitations of Dutch and Chinese designs on innumerable plates, but we have to admit that, though eventually our own ingenuity devised a china better suited to ordinary use, we never achieved such decorative skill.



IN CANADA A CENTURY AGO: "INDIANS HUNTING FROM A CANOE," BY CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF (1812-72). SIGNED AND DATED, 1855. (Oil on canvas; 14 by 18 ins.)



PROBABLY SHOWING LORD AND LADY ELGIN: KRIEGHOFF'S "WINTER SLEIGH RIDE, QUEBEC." LORD ELGIN, WHO WAS GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA FROM 1847-54, WAS ONE OF KRIEGHOFF'S PATRONS. (Oil on canvas; 14 by 21 ins.)

CANADA'S ONLY OLD MASTER: CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF—PAINTER OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY CANADA.

Though few would claim Cornelius Krieghoff as an outstandingly gifted artist, his paintings have recently been fetching phenomenally high prices when they have appeared in the London sale-rooms. The reason for this is not far to seek, for Krieghoff has the distinction of being practically the only artist to have settled in Canada and painted the Canadian scene in the exciting middle years of the nineteenth century. Born in Germany in 1812, Krieghoff came to Canada in about 1840, and worked there with a few intervals until his death in 1872. In his paintings he successfully conveys the spirit of the life and scenery of Canada at an important stage of her development. [*Reproduced by courtesy of the Laing Galleries, Toronto.*]

THE HEART OF THE GREAT UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD: AERIAL VIEWS SHOWING THE FINE ARCHITECTURAL HERITAGE OF THIS ANCIENT SEAT OF LEARNING.



A VIEW FROM THE SOUTH-EAST: IN THE CENTRE IS MAGDALEN TOWER, AND, FLANKED BY THE TREES OF THE DEER PARK, THE NEW BUILDING. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE CHERWELL AND THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.



LOOKING TOWARDS THE NORTH: IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE TOWER OF MERTON COLLEGE CHAPEL, AND BEHIND IT ST. MARY'S CHURCH AND THE RADCLIFFE CAMERA.



GIVING SOME IDEA OF THE CHARM AND INTEREST OF OXFORD'S ARCHITECTURE: A VIEW FROM SOUTH OXFORD, WITH CHRIST CHURCH AND THE CATHEDRAL IN THE FOREGROUND. WITHIN THIS SMALL AREA IN THE CENTRE OF OXFORD THERE IS AN "ASTONISHING CONCENTRATION" OF BUILDINGS OF ARCHITECTURAL INTEREST.



A FAMOUS OXFORD THOROUGHFARE: THE BROAD, SEEN FROM THE WEST. AT THE FAR END ON THE RIGHT CAN BE SEEN THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE, THE INTERIOR OF WHICH IT IS HOPED MAY BE RESTORED TO CONFORM CLOSELY WITH WREN'S SPECIFICATION.



A MODERN CORNER OF OXFORD: IN THE FOREGROUND IS KEBLE, AND BEHIND IT THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM AND SCIENCE BUILDINGS.

SEEN from the air, the architectural charm of Oxford's Colleges and University buildings seems to be intact and well preserved. But, in fact, all is not well. A canker is gnawing away at the beauty of Oxford. Closer inspection of the University precincts would reveal that many of the older buildings have a decayed, scabrous appearance, as though they had been attacked by some form of leprosy. If the process continues, the buildings will soon become as featureless as the faces of the Emperors round the Sheldonian, and ultimately their structural soundness may be impaired. The root cause of the trouble is that a poor, soft stone was frequently used by the original builders, particularly in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and this reacts with the atmosphere in such a way that the surface of the stone blisters and crumbles away. During the war very little maintenance work could be done. In more recent years, Colleges and University alike have spent large sums on their buildings, but it has been realised that outside financial help is now necessary if the beauty of the University is to be preserved, and on June 11 a public appeal was launched. This was addressed primarily to all Oxford men and women, but it is hoped there will also be a good response from a much wider circle of people. The money raised is to be spent over a period of ten years, and most of it on fabric repairs to buildings erected before 1800. Some interiors—notably that of the Sheldonian Theatre—and certain important individual features in the interiors of other buildings are also to be restored. The target figure of the appeal is £1,750,000, and a further £340,000 is to be contributed by the Colleges and the University to make up the total required for the repairs. Well-known University buildings, other than the Sheldonian Theatre, which require restoration work are the Bodleian Library, St. Mary's Church and the Radcliffe Camera, while there is also much work to be done on most of the Colleges. To encourage those who may feel that what they can afford may be too little, the signatories of the appeal point out that "the value of a large number of subscriptions under Deed of Covenant is very great; it is permissible to covenant to give a sum as small as 10s. per annum." In view of the ten-year repair programme, it is suggested that Deeds of Covenant should be made for ten years instead of for the minimum period of seven years. The fund is a continuing fund, and bequests by will are also welcomed. Donations or inquiries should be addressed to: The Trustees, Oxford Historic Buildings Appeal, The Old Bank, Oxford. In the building of Oxford, many different types of stone have been used. Unfortunately, the susceptibility to corrosion of Headington freestone was not, apparently, appreciated until about 1800, and this stone had frequently been used for many years before this. One of the most successful stones in Oxford is Clipsham, which was used throughout in the Examination Schools. The decay of stone is brought about by various means. Wind, rain and hail cause erosion. Iron cramps, much used in the nineteenth century, swell with rust and fracture the stones. Much the commonest form of decay is, however, the blistering of the stone by chemical reaction, and the subsequent falling away of the blistered parts. These dangers can, however, be guarded against in modern restoration work. The value of donations to the Appeal is at present over £500,000, which includes a grant of £150,000 from the Pilgrim Trust.

Colour photographs by Aerofilms Limited.



IN THE EWANRIGG NATIONAL PARK, RHODESIA: (RIGHT) A TREE ALOE, *A. BAINESII*; AND (LEFT) THE COLUMNAR *ALOE EXCELSA*, WITH A CYCAD IN THE FOREGROUND.



IN GENERAL, THE EWANRIGG NATIONAL PARK IS PLANTED WITH AFRICAN PLANTS; BUT HERE THE TALL COLUMNS OF AN AMERICAN CACTUS RISE ABOVE A CYCAD.



AN ALOE FROM TANGANYIKA: *A. VOLKENSII*, WITH FLOWERS OF RED ON THE OUTSIDE AND YELLOW INSIDE. ALOES DOMINATE THE GARDENS.



A TROPICAL ROCK-GARDEN: BESIDE THE STEPS CAN BE SEEN THE CREAMY-FLOWERED *CRASSULA ARBORESCENS*, WITH ALOES AND A CACTUS NEARBY.

IN A TROPICAL ROCK-GARDEN: ALOES, CYCADS AND CRASSULA IN RHODESIA'S EWANRIGG NATIONAL PARK.

As recounted elsewhere in this issue, the Ewanrigg National Park, some 25 miles from Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, came into being more or less by accident, shortly after 1914, when Mr. Harold Basil Christian, settling at Ewanrigg, after coming from Port Elizabeth, South Africa, turned to growing aloes in his garden, after failing to succeed with an English-style rock-garden. The first few aloes succeeded so well that he began to collect species and varieties from all over Africa and then extended his range to include cycads (*Encephalartos*), thick-stemmed plants with a great brush of fern-like leaves. The garden eventually grew to some three acres, and in 1950, the last year of his life, Mr. Christian presented it, with 700 acres of land around it, to the Government of Southern Rhodesia. Twenty more acres have been cleared for planting, and water gardens are being added; and it is hoped to make it one of Africa's leading botanical gardens. It is already visited by thousands of people each year for both its beauty and its great botanical interest. [*From colour photographs by J. Allan Cash, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.*]

IN A RHODESIAN NATIONAL PARK: BRILLIANT AND FANTASTIC BEAUTIES.



THE SPLENDID FORMAL BEAUTY OF AN ALOE IN ITS NATIVE CONTINENT: *ALOE CAMERONII* IN FULL FLOWER IN RHODESIA'S EWANRIGG NATIONAL PARK.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE FLOWERS OF *ALOE CAMERONII*. THIS IS THE ORANGE-RED FORM, BUT THERE ARE OTHER COLOUR FORMS OF THIS SPECIES.



ONE OF AFRICA'S TWO TREE ALOES: *ALOE BAINESII*, DISCOVERED BY THOMAS BAINES, AN ARTIST WHO ACCOMPANIED LIVINGSTONE ON HIS EXPLORATIONS IN THE 1850's.

Thomas Baines (1822-1875), artist and explorer, is perhaps best known for his sketches and (later) colour lithographs of the Victoria Falls, shortly after their discovery by Livingstone. It was on his first sketches (made in 1862) that the engraving which appeared in our issue of October 20, 1866, was based. We repeated this engraving in our issue of December 3, 1955, to mark the centenary of the discovery of the Falls. He also accompanied the Army, as an artist, during the Kaffir War of 1848-51.



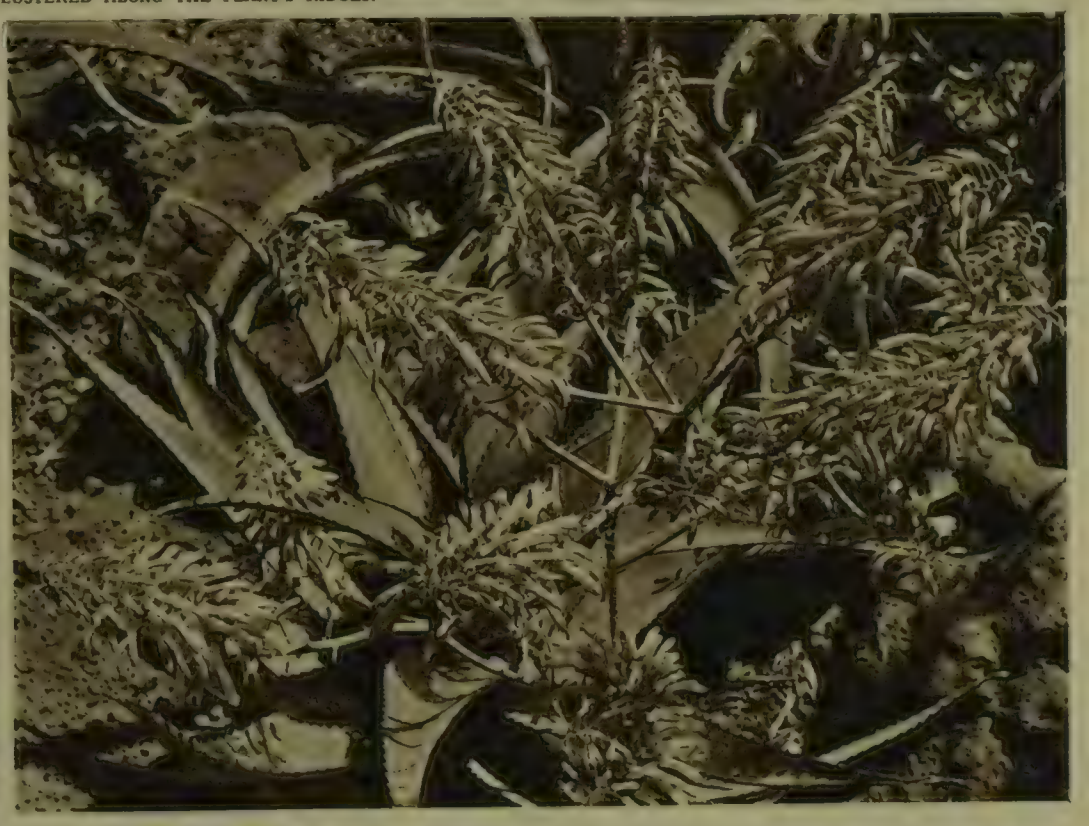
NOT A CACTUS, BUT A SPURGE: *EUPHORBIA COOPERII*, A CLOSE-UP SHOWING THE SPINES AND FLOWERS CLUSTERED ALONG THE PLANT'S RIDGES.



THE FLOWERS OF *ALOE VANBALENII*, WHICH SHOW A STRONG RESEMBLANCE TO RED-HOT POKER (*KNIPHOFIA*) AND REVEAL ALOE'S MEMBERSHIP OF THE LILY FAMILY.



BESIDES ALOES, EWANRIGG IS FAMOUS FOR CYCADS, A FAMILY OF WHICH THIS MAGNIFICENT SOUTH AFRICAN, *ENCEPHALARTOS ALTENSTEINII*, WITH SWOLLEN STEM AND FERN-LIKE LEAVES, IS A MEMBER.



THE ORANGE-PINK FLOWERS OF *ALOE CHABAUDII*, ONE OF THE SHOWIEST OF THE GENUS, IN WHICH THE INFLORESCENCE IS MANY-BRANCHED.

ON the opposite page we show in colour some general views of Rhodesia's new Ewanrigg National Park, some 25 miles from Salisbury; here we give closer portraits of some of its typical plants. Its origins make an interesting story. In 1914 a young man called Harold Basil Christian left his family at Port Elizabeth and began to farm at Ewanrigg, near Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. He was a devoted gardener and attempted to make a rock garden in the English style. The climate and soil were totally unsuitable and he reluctantly abandoned the attempt. Meanwhile, a friend had sent him some aloe plants. Mr. Christian was not interested, and left the plants untended by his house. They flourished despite this neglect, and Mr. Christian "saw the light" and began to collect aloes and later cycads and so other succulents. His garden grew and became famous, and in 1950 he presented it with an additional 700 acres to the Government of Southern Rhodesia, who are extending and developing the gardens as a National Park under its present Curator, Mr. H. J. Davies.

Photographs by J. Allan Cash, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



EVENING PRIMROSES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

ALTHOUGH I like and admire many of the evening primroses (*Œnothera*), my fondness for them has always been tempered by a feeling that there is a flimsy quality about their flowers, and in some cases not only the flowers but the whole plant, its habit, and its behaviour. But usually it is the flowers which seem to me a little cheap. Some of the species, moreover, are not too reliably hardy. I remember, when I started my Six Hills Nursery at Stevenage, one of the first plants I bought for the nursery collection was an evening primrose called *Œnothera speciosa rosea*. I bought it on the strong recommendation of my then foreman. I remember, too, that this plant was one of the first that I discarded as not up to the standard which I had set. A prettyish straggling thing, with pale pink blossoms in some profusion. But at Stevenage, at any rate, it did not even pretend to be hardy. This was a pity, because it was absurdly easy to propagate, and the gardening public loved it. But out it went.

Another pink-flowered Œnothera which I grew for a while, and then discarded, was *Œnothera mexicana*. A charming little thing, only 2 or 3 ins. high, with warm rose-pink blossoms. But this again was not hardy. In this case, however, it saved us the trouble of discarding it. Most obligingly it discarded itself. The first winter killed it outright. In spite of these two casualties, however, with *O. speciosa rosea* and *O. mexicana*, I am quite prepared to believe that in exceptionally mild districts of Britain these two plants might prove perfectly hardy and satisfactory.

A most beautiful Œnothera which I grew for some years at Stevenage was *O. eximea*, or *marginata*. I went to some trouble to give it a bed of the sort of soil that it demands, light, sandy, and stony. In this it ran about freely, erupting with rosettes of narrow leaves and huge white blossoms on 3- to 4-in. stems (or, rather, corolla tubes which had all the appearance of stems). These blossoms, which were deliciously fragrant, opened in the evening, as pure white satin, and then by morning they faded to pale rose—and collapsed. But like so many other evening primroses, *O. eximea* was not really reliably hardy at Stevenage. It would ramp and flourish and flower in its special bed, only to be wiped out when some particularly poisonous winter happened along, and I, at any rate, have always set my face against growing reputedly hardy plants in the rock garden, and then having to resort to erecting little glass wigwams over them each winter. If aspect, plus right soil and perfect drainage will not make a plant happy, and reasonably permanent in the rock garden, then I would say, one is better without it. Growing semi-tender plants in pans and pots in the Alpine house is another matter. There one grows such plants in order to enjoy them as close-ups, as individuals, regardless of any landscape Alpine effect which is part of one's object in the rock garden. Well-grown specimen plants, rock, Alpine, or otherwise, are, moreover, delightful for bringing into the house whilst they are at their best.

Œnothera macrocarpa, or *missouriensis*, is a good, hearty perennial which I have always found quite hardy, but personally I do not want it among true Alpine plants on the rock garden. There is an indefinable something about it, which makes it look a misplaced alien when put among true Alpines. Perhaps the best place for it would be massed, several specimens together, at the front of a herbaceous or mixed-flower border. The plant forms a stout perennial root from which trail stems carrying narrow, leathery leaves, and large golden-yellow blossoms.



"A GOOD, HEARTY PERENNIAL": *ŒNOTHERA MACROCARPA*, OR *MISSOURIENSIS*, WHICH HAS LARGE GOLDEN-YELLOW FLOWERS AND NARROW, LEATHERY LEAVES.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.



A PLANT "IN WHICH ONE CAN SEE THE PETALS AND THE FLOWER'S VARIOUS ORGANS IN ACTIVE MOVEMENT" AS IT OPENS IN THE EVENING AND RELEASES ITS DELICIOUS FRAGRANCE: *ŒNOTHERA ODORATA SULPHUREA*.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the personalities and events of the day.

For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department.

For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"
Published at 2/- Weekly

THESE TERMS ARE INCLUSIVE OF POSTAGE	12 months and Xmas No.	6 months and Xmas No.	6 months without Xmas No.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
United Kingdom and Eire	6 6 0	3 5 6	3 1 0
Overseas	6 8 6	3 6 6	3 2 0
United States	$18.50	$9.50	$9.00
Canada	5 14 6 (or $16.00)	2 19 6	2 15 0

ORDERS TO: SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT (LN), INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

But let me explain and qualify about the Œnothera names which I use. I have stuck to the names which I have known and used during all the years that I have been gardening, and for all I know they may all be utterly incorrect. In fact, they probably are. But at any rate they are the names still current in average gardening circles, and so the names most likely to mean something to other gardeners. American botanists appear to have played a merry game with the evening primrose family. In some cases the generic name Œnothera has been dropped, and new generic or surnames given, names such as Lavauxia, Pachylophus, Kneiffia, Taraxia, Megapterium, Meriolyx, Onagra and Anogra. I ask you!

An evening primrose which I grew for many years at Stevenage came to me as *Œnothera odorata sulphurea*. A very jolly plant, which, once established in the flower borders and elsewhere, will sow itself about and come up in all sorts of unexpected and almost always pleasant and tactful places. The plant forms a perennial root stock, and throws up a loose sheaf of slender, wiry stems to a height of 2 or 3 ft., and strung along their upper half with good-sized pale yellow flowers in the typical evening primrose manner. Opening each evening, the flowers are deliciously fragrant. By morning they collapse and turn to a curious tawny gold. Although this plant seeds about so freely, and springs up so abundantly, I never found it a nuisance, and if it should spring up at the expense of some smaller, frailer thing, it is an easy matter to fork out the intruder. The opening of the blossoms of *Œnothera odorata sulphurea* is most interesting. It is curiously like one of those nature films, in which the opening of a rose or some such flower is shown complete, from the tightly-furled bud to the fully wide-open blossom shown during the course of a few minutes, a process which actually took a full day or perhaps two.

Such a film is made by setting the camera to make an exposure and take a picture at regular intervals during the whole time that the opening takes. Eventually the pictures are run off at such a pace that one actually sees the progress of the opening. It is fascinating to see the petals folding back, and the anthers jostling one another as they fall into place. I remember one summer evening in my garden at Stevenage we (a small family party) took chairs out and sat down by a plant of *Œnothera odorata sulphurea* which was just due to open a flower or two. An experiment well worth trying. One can see the petals and the flower's various organs in active movement just as in a nature film.

My favourite evening primrose was given to me many years ago under the name *Œnothera glaber*. It is a dwarf, sturdy herbaceous perennial with glossy beetroot-coloured leaves, and erect stems carrying deep golden flowers of a particularly rich quality and well set off by fiery orange-scarlet calyces. And then in autumn the leaves turn to brilliant scarlets, golds and oranges, to make a wonderfully effective patch of colour, especially if one has had the wisdom to plant a wide and generous clump of this most excellent plant.

LAND, AIR AND SEA: THE B.E.A. *VISCOUNT* CRASH, AND OTHER EVENTS.



BEFORE IT CRASHED IN BAD WEATHER AT NUTTS CORNER AIRPORT, BELFAST, ON OCTOBER 23: THE B.E.A. *VISCOUNT* TURBO-PROP AIRLINER.



AFTER CRASHING AT NUTTS CORNER AIRPORT WITH THE LOSS OF SEVEN LIVES: THE WRECKAGE OF THE B.E.A. *VISCOUNT* AIRLINER, WHICH WAS COMING FROM LONDON.

The B.E.A. *Viscount* airliner which crashed at Nutts Corner airport while trying to land in bad weather was to have taken back to London Mr. Aubrey Jones, the Minister of Supply, and a party of officials and journalists who had been attending the opening of an extension of the Short Bros. and Harland aircraft factory. The two passengers and the crew of five were killed.



ON HER WAY UP-RIVER TO WORCESTER: THE 54-FT. MIDGET SUBMARINE H.M.S. *SHRIMP* IN THE RIVER SEVERN AT HAW BRIDGE, WITH FOUR OF HER FIVE-MEN CREW ON DECK.

The visit of H.M.S. *Shrimp* to Worcester on October 22 represented one of the farthest inland penetrations yet made by the White Ensign. The 56-mile trip up the Severn was described as operational, and during her three-day stay the *Shrimp* was to be visited by parties of schoolboys.



AT THE MANSION HOUSE: THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, SIR CULLUM WELCH, WITH WOMEN MAYORS WHOM HE ENTERTAINED AT A RECEPTION.

On October 24 the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Cullum Welch, gave a reception for women Mayors from towns in England and Wales. Their visit was organised by Councillor Mrs. Coope, Mayor of Lytham St. Annes, seen next to the Lord Mayor (in feathered hat).



LOST IN THE RED SEA AFTER A COLLISION: THE BRITISH CARGO SHIP *SHILLONG* (8934 TONS) WHICH LEFT LONDON ON OCTOBER 7 BOUND FOR JAPAN.

The British cargo ship *Shillong* sank in the Red Sea after a collision with a Belgian tanker, the *Purfina Congo* (11,134 tons), on October 22. Two British members of the crew were killed.



A LAUNCHING WITHOUT THE AID OF TUGS: THE 19,000-TON NORWEGIAN TANKER *SPINANGER* BEING LAUNCHED AT SUNDERLAND ON OCTOBER 22.

On account of a strike by tugmen, the 19,000-ton Norwegian tanker *Spinanger* was launched without the assistance of tugs at Sunderland on October 22. It is believed to be the first time so large a ship has been launched in this way in a British shipyard.

WHERE THE DEAD SEA BIBLICAL SCROLLS WERE WRITTEN AND HIDDEN, AND WHERE CHRIST AND JOHN THE BAPTIST MAY HAVE STUDIED: THE RUINS OF KHIRBET QUMRAN FROM THE AIR, WITH A DETAILED DESCRIPTION.

IN our issue of September 3, 1955, we published an article by Mr. G. Lankester Harding, F.S.A. (at that time Director of Antiquities, The Hashemite Kingdom of the Jordan), on the excavations conducted under his direction and that of Father R. P. R. de Vaux, O.P., at Khirbet Qumran. This was an ancient site on a spur overlooking the Dead Sea and less than a mile distant from the cave in which the first of the famous Dead Sea Scrolls were discovered. The excavations revealed a large monastery, which had had a vigorous existence between 125 B.C. and A.D. 68, and which was occupied by a community reasonably certainly of the Essene sect and obviously the place at which the extraordinarily rich collection of biblical manuscripts now known as the Dead Seal scrolls were written. In his article, Mr. Lankester Harding wrote: "John the Baptist was almost certainly an Essene, and must have studied and worked in this building. . . . Many authorities consider that Christ himself also studied with them for some time. If that be so, then we have in this little building something unique indeed, for alone in all the ancient remains in Jordan, this has remained unchanged—indeed, unseen and unknown, to this day. These, then, are the very walls He looked upon, the corridors and rooms through which He wandered and in which He sat, brought to light again after nearly 1900 years."

Few archæological articles of the many we have published in recent years have attracted more attention than that article of September 3, 1955; and we are glad to be able to reproduce on the opposite page a detailed aerial photograph of the whole site of Khirbet Qumran, with all the principal buildings of the monastery numbered and identified. It is a strange commentary on ancient and modern transport that this ancient monastery, once "in the wilderness," can now be reached in forty minutes by taxi from Jerusalem, though this ride will be followed by about five miles of somewhat tougher travelling.

The ruins stand at the foot of a rough and rugged cliff, on a whitey-brown terrace looking towards the Dead Sea and the Mountains of Moab, in an impressive landscape, craggy and silent, continuously changing in colour. Here several hundreds of the Brethren spent their lives under strict rules of poverty, studying the Holy Writ and praying for the coming of the Messiah, and ending their lives in the simple burials of which the large cemetery to the east shows many examples.

The objects found during the excavations, mainly the coins, tell a long and animated story. As early as the eighth century B.C. there was only a round cistern (No. 6 on Fig. 5) and a square building (25). The place was long deserted and ruined when the Essenes, parting from the orthodox Judaism of Jerusalem, settled on the spot during the second half of the second century B.C. They had first small buildings erected around the Israelite ruins, but the growth of the Community soon called for expansion and the main lines of the actual plan were fixed around 100 B.C. In this arid area the water supply was an urgent and serious problem. An aqueduct was built, by which the rain-water conserved in the Wadi Qumran during the winter was brought to the settlement. One is struck by the number and the dimensions of the cisterns (5, 17, 26). Some of them, specially the small pools (3), could have been used for ritual ablutions, which were part of the rule of the Community. The main building, in the eastern part, had a strong tower with several store-rooms in the basement (11). Near by was a room with a number of hearths, presumably the communal kitchen (13). A small chamber with a circular bench, neatly plastered, was perhaps the meeting-place of the Community's Council (14). In the rectangular room near by (15) it is not known what was done on the lower storey, but the upper storey had collapsed and in the débris were found pieces of a brick structure covered with smoothed plaster. They were parts of a long, narrow table and two smaller ones, associated with plaster benches which ran along the wall. Two ink-wells completed the find; they had fallen from the very room where many of the Dead Sea Scrolls had been written.

A smaller building, in the western part of the ruins, was mainly a store-house (7). In the open place between the two buildings were cisterns and workshops (9) and the bread oven of the Community (10). South of the main building, near the aqueduct and two cisterns, the largest room of the settlement was used for the gatherings and also for the religious meals. Attached to it, a smaller room (20), was the pantry. More than a thousand bowls, dishes, plates and jugs were found stacked in piles against the back wall.

In the south-eastern area is a complete and rather well-preserved potter's workshop: the clay was washed in a basin (21) and stored in a pit (22). The potter's wheel was in a circular hole lined with stones (23). Modern Arab potters at Hebron are still working in exactly the same way. The potter, when baking his clay, could use two kilns (24), one for the large jugs and jars, the other for the small pots.

It has also revealed those buildings which were damaged by an earthquake. The effect of the tremor may be seen in the tower and more clearly in the two cracked cisterns (17). The crack runs through them and through the adjoining rooms. It is the earthquake which, according to the historian Flavius Josephus, shook Judæa in the spring of 31 B.C. After that calamity, the site remained uninhabited for about thirty years. Finally the same Community came back, the buildings were repaired, the tower was reinforced, shaken walls were buttressed and some new rooms erected in the north-eastern corner (21). The industrial kilns (9) and the bread oven (10) are also of this date.



FIG. 2. POTTERY, COINS AND A LAMP FOUND DURING THE EXCAVATION OF QUMRAN.



FIG. 1. ON A SPUR OVERLOOKING THE DEAD SEA: THE MONASTERY OF KHIRBET QUMRAN—BETWEEN THE GROUPS OF TENTS. IN THE CLIFF (FOREGROUND) CAN BE SEEN THE DARK ENTRANCE TO CAVE IV.

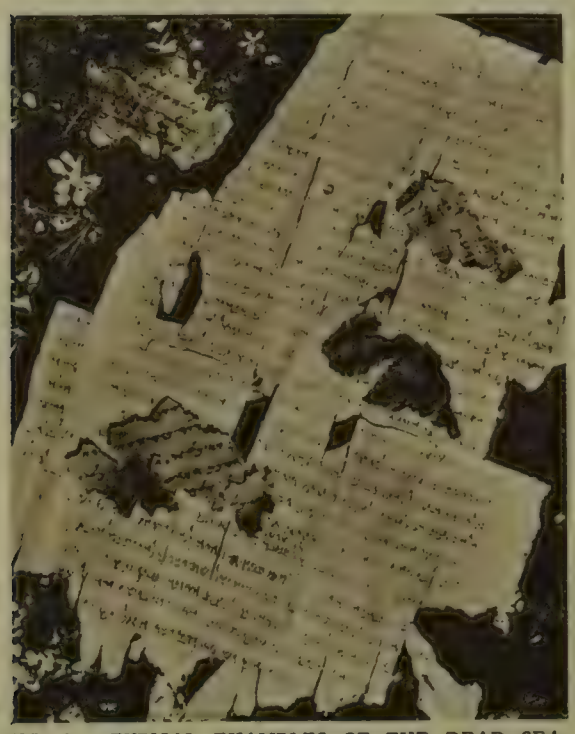


FIG. 3. TYPICAL EXAMPLES OF THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS: A LARGE PIECE OF THE "RULE OF THE CONGREGATION," AND SMALL BIBLICAL FRAGMENTS.

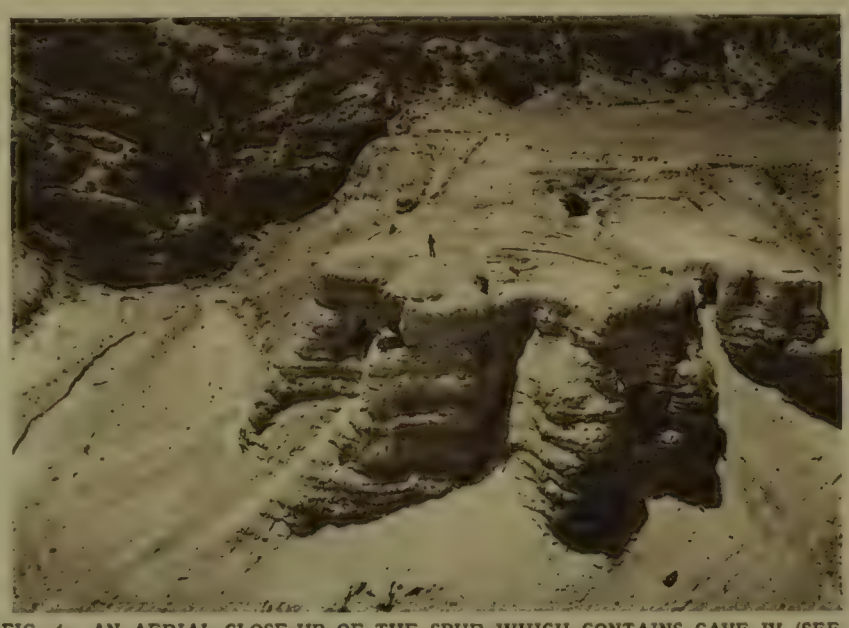


FIG. 4. AN AERIAL CLOSE-UP OF THE SPUR WHICH CONTAINS CAVE IV (SEE ALSO FIG. 1) IN WHICH AN ENORMOUS QUANTITY OF MANUSCRIPT WAS FOUND.

The secluded life of prayer and study was in motion again. But in the year A.D. 68 this life had to come to an abrupt end. At that time the buildings were destroyed by the Roman Tenth Legion on its way to Jerusalem to quell the First Jewish Revolt. With this onslaught in progress members of the Community fled, leaving their precious manuscripts hidden in the caves around the settlement. A squad of Roman soldiers encamped on the levelled débris, divided the larger rooms into living quarters and built a rough aqueduct (27) in place of the elaborate water-system. After a time the Roman eagles left and the place remained empty until the Second Jewish Revolt, in A.D. 132–135, when the ruins were temporarily used as a stronghold or a hiding-place. Afterwards the desert took possession of its own until the Bedouins found the first scrolls and the archæologists followed them.



FIG. 5. THE MONASTERY WHERE CHRIST MAY HAVE STUDIED AND IN WHICH THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS WERE WRITTEN: A DETAILED AERIAL VIEW OF THE ESSENE MONASTERY OF KHIRBET QUMRAN BESIDE THE DEAD SEA.

(1) The main entrance ; (2) The courtyard, in the south-west corner of which were deposits of animal bones, the remains of sacred feasts ; (3) Pools, presumably used for ritual bathing ; (4) Aqueduct, bringing water from the Wadi Qumran to the settlement ; (5) Cisterns ; (6) Round cistern from Israelite times, re-used by the Essenes ; (7) Store rooms ; (8) Here were found three pots containing more than 300 silver coins, mainly of the first century B.C. ; (9) Industrial kilns ; (10) Bread oven ; (11) Tower with store-rooms. The tower was reinforced after the earthquake of 31 B.C. ; (12) Additional rooms built after the earthquake ; (13) Communal kitchen ; (14) Council room ; (15) In this room were found the broken remains of tables and two ink-wells. They had fallen from a collapsed floor above, which must have been the writing-room in which the Scrolls were written. The inkwells still contain the dried remains of ink ; (16) Central courtyard ; (17) Two cisterns cracked by the earthquake ; (18) Washing-place ; (19) The gathering-place of the community, also used as a dining-hall for the formal religious meals. The paved circle at the western end was the pulpit from which the head of the community addressed the congregation ; (20) Pantry attached to the dining-hall ; (21-24) Potters' workshops ; (25) Corner of the first Israelite building ; (26) Large cistern at the end of the water system ; (27) Aqueduct built by the Romans after the destruction of the Essene buildings ; (28) Southern esplanade; from which, looking west (*i.e.*, left), it would be possible to see, across the ravine, Cave IV, where thousands of MS. fragments were found.







VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AND LANDING: AIRCRAFT OF THE FUTURE BEING PLANNED BY THE HILLER HELICOPTER COMPANY OF AMERICA AND SOME RECENT DEVELOPMENTS.

There is little doubt that many new forms of Vertical Take-off and Landing for aircraft will in the near future become a common feature in the world of flying. Experiments in this field are being carried out in the United States, where the Hiller helicopter company of California is playing a leading rôle in these new developments, and in Britain, France and Russia. The Hiller company, besides continuing production and development of the helicopter, is working on ducted fans and high-speed vertical take-off aircraft. Two of the company's latest aircraft, which provide perhaps a foretaste of things to come, are the *Flying Platform* (illustrated above), which rises into the air by means of a ducted fan, and which is powered by more than one engine for safety, and the *X*-18, which has wings and engines capable of rotating through 90 degrees, and is also shown above. The *X*-18 is being developed for the U.S. Air Force, and is the largest Vertical Take-off aircraft now being built. The *Flying Platform* is being used by the American Army for observation purposes, and another Hiller aircraft designed for similar work is the *XROE*-1, or *Rotorcycle*, a very small, lightweight, collapsible helicopter which has been supplied to the United States Marines. The *Rotorcycle* weighs about 250 lb. and its rotor blade is 18 ft. in length. One of the aircraft planned by the Hiller company is the *Rotorcar*, which may one day provide an alternative to cars, and which may come into production within the next five or six years. The *Rotorcar* flies by means of ducted fans, and larger versions of this type of aircraft are also planned, and may be propelled forwards by jet engines. The ducted fan *Flying Crane* is at present in the experimental stage. Very powerful lift would be obtained in this aircraft by the use of a number of ducted fans. (The blades of the ducted fan, unlike those of the helicopter, are enclosed.) The fighter which is illustrated above, like the Rolls-Royce *Flying Bedstead*, is both propelled and borne aloft by means of jet engines.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, S.Au.A., with the co-operation of Hiller Helicopters, Palo Alto, California.





THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



PLAYMATES, NOW RIVALS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

EVERY now and then I receive a letter from a reader asking how *Foxie* is getting on and requesting further news of him. As it is a long time since he figured on this page it may not be inappropriate to give his further adventures, especially as they shed some light on the behaviour of the red fox. Last year, as described here, *Foxie* and his vixen, *Maxine*, brought off a family of four cubs. From the moment the cubs were born to the time they were old enough to leave the parents, *Foxie* and *Maxine* had shed their somewhat self-centred ways and had shown numerous signs of devotion and affection. Much of this bond between them remained from that time, until *Charlie* came. So this story is apt to be more about him than about *Foxie*.



FOXIE IN HIS EARTH, WHERE HE HAD TAKEN REFUGE FROM HIS RIVAL. *CHARLIE* IS SEEN IN THE ACT OF HURLING HIMSELF AT THE ENTRANCE, HIS AGGRESSIVE MOOD MARKED, AMONG OTHER THINGS, BY THE LINE OF DARK HAIRS ERECT ALONG THE BACK AND THE BRUSH.

Charlie, whose full name, we were given to understand, is *Charles James Fox*, had been hand-reared by a Sussex farmer and had lived on close terms with the farmer's dog. He had been a model pet, but the time came when his owner had to take the difficult decision to part with him, and, if a new home could not be found, to have him "put to sleep." We offered to house *Charlie* temporarily, and because the easiest thing to do was to build an extension for him to the existing pen, this was done. Thus it came about that *Foxie* and *Maxine* were in the large pen and *Charlie* was in the smaller pen adjoining it, with only a wall of stout netting to separate them.

Charlie is larger and more handsome than *Foxie*, who is still our first favourite, although the newcomer is running him a close second. It seems also that the vixen is not unaware of his charms, for on the day after his arrival the fickle jade was seen flirting with him. Close against the wire, with *Charlie* looking through at her, she was seen to throw herself on her back, with her brush wagging violently and her wide-open mouth directed towards him as she squealed delightedly. That was in March last.

As time passed, and there seemed no prospect of finding another home for *Charlie*, the door between the two pens was opened at feeding-time, to give him the opportunity for exercise. In spite of her early flirtations, the vixen took little notice of the newcomer, and these periods of exercise were marked by vigorous play between the two dog-foxes, with the mouths wide open as usual and to the accompaniment of the characteristic trilling cries, customary on such occasions. There was a great deal of chasing round and round the pen, alternating with moments when *Foxie* would take up position on a log while *Charlie* rushed violently round it, lunging every so often, as if in the effort to dislodge him.

The pattern of this play was very like that in which *Foxie* and *Maxine* had indulged, when first they were put together, and which, so far as we could tell, later merged into a courtship. It was noticeable that when the dog and vixen were playing, it was usually the vixen that occupied the place on the log. Now, it was *Foxie* that occupied it, while *Charlie* ran round him. Instead of this strategic position representing a dominance, as one would have thought, it seems to be the one proper to the subordinate individual out of the two participating. This much we may conclude from what followed.

As the summer drew to an end and autumn came upon us, there was a subtle change in the play. Now *Foxie* would, as often as not, hide under a log and, with mouth wide open as usual, bar the entrance to his hide-out, while *Charlie* rampaged around him. A more querulous note had entered into his trilling, also. Then came the time when, as soon as food was taken into the pen, which was also the time when the communicating door would be opened to let *Charlie* in, *Foxie* would grow moody, bad-tempered or sulky, but usually bad-tempered. He would show his bad temper to my daughter, who always takes the food in—and opens the door—by the querulous voice, when she bent down to stroke him. He would also make a pass at the vixen, with open mouth, if she came near him.

It is only fair to explain that this behaviour towards my daughter is unusual, and this can be emphasised by what happened recently. We had been away for two weeks, and on our return, when Jane went in to feed the foxes for the first time, *Foxie* stood up to her as she bent down and licked her face all over, wagging his tail and trilling excitedly.

The irascibility seems to be due to a change in the relationship between the two dog-foxes. We are approaching the time of the year when foxes might be expected to start choosing their mates. This may explain why, a few days ago, when *Charlie* was let into the larger pen, there was a brief skirmish between the two, after which *Foxie* quickly retired under a log, and from his fastness trilled defiance at *Charlie*, with his open mouth guarding the entrance. This time *Charlie*, instead of rushing around the hiding-place, hurled himself at the entrance, after which he trotted backwards and forwards in front of it on stiff hind-legs, and with his back arched, in a stately, almost prancing, yet wholly menacing gait. As he did so his mood became more intense, and this was evidenced by the hair standing up all over his body, making him look even bigger. At the most intense moments, the hairs along his back stood up in a dark crest, which merged with a ridge of dark hairs on the brush. We also saw something we had not before seen. A fox has a scent-gland on the upper surface of the tail, a few inches back from the root. As a rule, it is completely hidden beneath the fur. Now, the gland on *Charlie's* brush was open and readily visible. Clearly, he was in a state of intense emotion, and, equally clearly, *Foxie*, even although on his home ground, was psychologically, as well as physically, subordinate to him. To avoid possible injury the two are now kept apart.



IN FRONT OF *FOXIE'S* EARTH: *CHARLIE* PARADING BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS, TROTTING WITH ARCHED BACK AND WITH STIFF HIND-LEGS IN A SOMEWHAT CATLIKE MANNER.



FOXIE STILL GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO HIS REFUGE, WHILE *CHARLIE* LOOKS FOR ANOTHER WAY IN. THE OPEN SCENT-GLAND APPEARS AS A LIGHT SPOT ON THE TOP AND NEAR THE BASE OF HIS BRUSH, WHERE IT JOINS THE BODY (SEE ARROW).

Photographs by Jane Burton.

It was impossible to tell what *Maxine* was feeling all this time. Even in the most intense moments, and not least when it appeared that, given the opportunity, *Charlie* might do *Foxie* grievous injury, she sat quietly to one side, the picture of placid contentment, her eyes half-closed as if at any moment she might fall asleep, while the rival males indulged their jealousy.

SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



FOUND GUILTY OF SPYING IN THE U.S.A.: RUDOLPH ABEL.
R. I. Abel, described as a colonel in the Russian counter-intelligence service, was found guilty on three charges of spying for Russia in the United States by a New York Federal Court jury on October 25. He is to be sentenced on November 15, and is liable to a maximum penalty of death. For nine years Abel had posed as a photographer.







ACCUSED OF CONSPIRACY: DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR HAMMERSLEY, LEFT; THE CHIEF CONSTABLE OF BRIGHTON, C. F. W. RIDGE, AND RIGHT, DETECTIVE-SERGEANT T. E. HEATH.
The Chief Constable of Brighton, C. F. W. Ridge, later suspended from office, and Det.-Inspector J. R. Hammersley, together with a bar owner, A. J. Lyons, were remanded in custody for a week after appearing in court at Brighton on October 25 on a charge of conspiracy. Charged jointly with them was Detective-Sergeant T. E. Heath, who was later also remanded in custody. They were charged with conspiring corruptly to solicit rewards.



A LABOUR VICTORY AT IPSWICH: MR. DINGLE FOOT.
The Labour Party retained the seat in the by-election at Ipswich on October 24. The Labour candidate, Mr. Dingle Foot, Q.C., doubled the previous Labour majority although polling a smaller share of the votes than his predecessor received in 1955. The result was: Labour, 26,898; Conservative, 19,161, and Liberal, 12,587.



A GREAT ARCHITECT AND DESIGNER: THE LATE PROF. HENRY VAN DE VELDE.
Prof. Henry Van de Velde, a figure who revolutionised the architecture and design of his time, has died at the age of 94 in Switzerland. A Belgian by birth, Van de Velde began his career as a painter, later widening his scope to cover every aspect of design. In Germany he founded a school at Weimar (precursor of the Bauhaus).





A FAMOUS FRENCH COUTURE DESIGNER: THE LATE M. CHRISTIAN DIOR
M. Christian Dior, the well-known French dress designer, died suddenly in an hotel in Italy on October 24. M. Dior, who was fifty-two, was the designer who introduced the celebrated "New Look" in 1947, and subsequent famous "lines." By 1955 Dior's turnover was reputed to be about £5,000,000 a year, and he employed 1200.



APPOINTED AS GOVERNOR OF CYPRUS: SIR HUGH FOOT.
It was officially announced by the Colonial Office on October 22 that Sir Hugh Foot, who has been Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Jamaica since 1951, is to succeed Field Marshal Sir John Harding as Governor and C.-in-C. of Cyprus. Sir Hugh Foot, who is fifty, is to take up his new duties about December 1.

THE FIRST "ATOMS FOR PEACE" AWARD: DR. NIELS BOHR (LEFT), BEING PRESENTED WITH THE MEDAL BY DR. J. KILLIAN, JR. (RIGHT), AS PRESIDENT EISENHOWER LOOKS ON.
Dr. Niels Bohr, Professor of Theoretical Physics at Copenhagen University, was presented with the first "atoms for peace" award—a medal and an honorarium of approximately £26,785—in Washington on October 24. President Eisenhower attended, and the presentation was made by Dr. J. Killian, Jr., head of the group of trustees who chose the winner. The award was created by the Ford Motor Company Fund on a suggestion by President Eisenhower.



A NOTED AUTHOR AND SPORTSMAN: THE LATE LORD DUNSANY.
Lord Dunsany, who died aged seventy-nine on October 25, was a noted author, having written a number of successful novels, plays and poems, and was a keen sportsman. He had served in the Boer and First World Wars. In 1940-41 he was Byron Professor of English Literature at Athens. He was also a noted chess player.



DEAN EMERITUS OF NORWICH: THE LATE DR. D. H. S. CRANAGE.
The Very Rev. D. H. S. Cranage, who was Dean of Norwich from 1928-45 and had been Dean Emeritus since 1945, died at his home at Windsor on October 22 aged ninety-one. He was chairman of the House of Clergy in the Church Assembly, 1932-45; and Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation of Canterbury from 1936-45.



THE NEW FINNISH AMBASSADOR: HIS EXCELLENCY L. O. TUOMINEN.
The new Finnish Ambassador, His Excellency Monsieur Leo Olavi Tuominen, presented his Letters of Credence to her Majesty the Queen at Buckingham Palace on October 24. Before coming to England, M. Tuominen held the appointments of Secretary of State and Head of the Commercial Division in the Finnish Foreign Ministry.



SIXTY YEARS AT CHRISTIE'S: SIR ALEC MARTIN.
On October 28, Sir Alec Martin, Managing Director of Christie's, the world-famous London auctioneers, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his joining the firm a month before his thirteenth birthday. An expert on Old Masters, and a commanding figure on the rostrum, Sir Alec is also Secretary of the National Art-Collections Fund.



LEADER OF THE RE-ELECTED DEMOCRATIC PARTY IN TURKEY: MR. MENDERES.
Mr. Menderes, Prime Minister in the last Turkish Parliament, is leader of the Democratic Party which was returned to power with a reduced majority in the Turkish general election of Oct. 27. The Opposition People's Republican Party made large gains. Another election photograph of Mr. Menderes appears elsewhere in this issue.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

SPLENDID NOISE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"VERY noisy," wrote (in effect) some of my colleagues on the day after the first and second parts of "Henry the Sixth." (Possibly they repeated it after the third part, but this time I did not notice.) "Too noisy for me," murmured somebody in a Birmingham audience while "The Alchemist" was in its full farcical surge. And—at the risk of repetition—"It's noisy" complained a listener behind me at Drury Lane while the National Ballet and Dance Theatre of Israel was giving "The Song of Deborah."

Verdict unanimous. Am I, then, deafened and dazed? Do my ear-drums still tingle, and am I to attack Shakespeare and Jonson for their shocking robustness, and tell the Yemenite dancers and singers to go about their work on tip-toe, whispering? These can be merely rhetorical questions. Doubtless I am sadly insensitive to "noise"—though I do hasten to add that, after permitted hours, I might not have appreciated any of these events.

The reservation is because I have just seen a report from the General Purposes Committee of the East Suffolk County Council. This asks for approval of a new by-law that makes it an offence for anyone "wantonly and continuously to shout or sing, or otherwise make any loud noise, in any public place between the hours of eleven at night and six in the morning." I am inclined to admit that a glee party composed of Richard of York, Jack Cade, Subtle, Face, and the admirers of Deborah, might be merely distracting outside my darkened window between eleven and six. But in their right place in the theatre, and at the right time, I find that all these people make a splendid noise. It is a matter of opinion. Other and more shrinking souls will borrow from the forthright pronouncement of East Suffolk and talk of wanton and continuous shouting.

So to the three parts of "Henry the Sixth" (Parts One and Two at the first performance, Part Three at a second). It is only yesterday—only four or five years at least—since this chronicle, like the Roman tragedy of "Titus Andronicus," was almost a stranger to the stage. One wrote articles begging, praying, even demanding, a production. And now both the triple chronicle and the ensanguined revenge-play are old companions to us, and we talk casually of "The battle fares like to the morning's war" and "I am the sea," almost as if they were "The quality of mercy" or the Seven Ages.

As we know, Sir Barry Jackson and Douglas Seale brought back "Henry the Sixth." Mr. Seale again directs the plays at the Old Vic, where they are part of the Folio plan and some of my colleagues go plaintively into Waterloo Road, complaining—like the sheltered spirits they are—that the Wars of the Roses are very noisy.

On earnest consideration, I dare say they were noisy indeed. I have never felt that this brutal tournament of the Middle Ages, "war—red war—'twixt child and sire, household and kith and kin," was ever conducted in muted, throw-away fashion. The turbulent chronicles demand a performance to match. The verse must be driven, unfashionably, to the back of the theatre. It is a time for tumultuous declamation, a Royal rant. And it is this clang-and-clash, this sustained sound and fury, that Douglas Seale has insisted upon wisely in these definitive productions of his.

Quickly, I must amend one word. His early productions, those that first brought "Henry the Sixth" to us, were definitive. Most of the figures in that triptych (and with the triple-arched set) remain now with clarity unexampled. The current Old Vic revivals, though vivid and stirring, must take second place. I do regret that we have not been allowed to see the full "Part One." What we get here is just a token, a preface. As the curtain rises, a voice is declaiming the epilogue from "Henry the Fifth," and we are at the Royal funeral in the Abbey, suggested by a coffin and a few chanted lines from the opening of "Henry the Sixth." Then, between the symbolic gilt arches of red rose and white that flank the stage, we have the plucking of the roses in the Temple Garden: one of the ringing theatrical scenes that even our academic study-bound commentators (never likely to put nose into theatre) used grudgingly to applaud. After this, "Part One," for the present series, is over, and we are off into "Part Two," having had nothing of Talbot, terror of the French, or the battles, sieges, fortunes, of the earliest (confessedly the least) of the chronicles.

However, we do get the second and third parts almost complete—the Simpcox scene is an omission—and for two nights, as the war ranges round us (and my gentler colleagues swoon, deafened), we observe what a famous editor called, invariably, the sway of battle. To follow the sway becomes bewildering. It is better to let the verse clang, to mark the battle-pieces, to murmur to oneself "St. Alban's," "Wakefield," "Towton," "Barnet," and to note that the Earl of Warwick is never likely to be on any given side for long. Through the "roaring war," as Shakespeare says in another play, flames the figure of Margaret of Anjou, the tigress-Queen. It is for her that I shall remember these latest productions. An actress able to displace Rosalind Boxall in my mind is extraordinary. But, then, Barbara Jefford has always been an uncommon actress. Sometimes, I fear, we are inclined to take Old Vic performances too much for granted. We fail to give their due to constant readiness and understanding. But how many actresses on the English stage can have brought to us, as Miss Jefford has done, an Imogen of enchanted poise and a Margaret who commands the stage in ranging Amazonian fire?



"A MARGARET WHO COMMANDS THE STAGE IN RANGING AMAZONIAN FIRE": BARBARA JEFFORD AS QUEEN MARGARET SURPRISES AND OVERCOMES THE DUKE OF YORK (JACK GWILLIM) IN A SCENE FROM "HENRY THE SIXTH" (PART THREE), AT THE OLD VIC. ON THE RIGHT IS PRINCE EDWARD, SON OF HENRY VI, PLAYED BY JOHN RYE.



"THE SHRED OF A GERMAN COMEDY OF THIRTY YEARS AGO THAT HAS BEEN BLOWN SOUTH FROM EDINBURGH": "MAN OF DISTINCTION" (PRINCES), SHOWING A SCENE FROM HENRY SHEREK'S PRODUCTION.

"Man of Distinction," which is directed by Mr. Denis Carey, opened at the Princes Theatre in London on October 17. This photograph of a scene in the office of Hugo Mobius shows (l. to r.) Lia Compass (Moira Shearer), Captain Von Schmettau (Peter Bull), Rasper (Aubrey Richards), Harry Compass (John Warner), Hugo Mobius (Anton Walbrook) and Frau Compass (Yvonne Coulette).

Other players are helpful: for example, Derek Godfrey as Suffolk, no man of "wanton and continuous noise" (I missed again the preliminaries to the death scene), and a sub-Olivier sketch of Richard of Gloucester; Paul Daneman as that "poor key-cold figure of a holy king" (his epitaph serves for his life); Derek Francis as the ranting rebel, Cade; and, in the scene of the humiliation of Gloucester's Duchess, Margaret Courtenay. Elsewhere, there is an exhilarating swoop and frenzy round the steep-shelving ramp of the Leslie Hurry set: we had known this set already in a "Richard the Third" played—and it was a pity—out of sequence. I think with pleasure of such passages as the Parliament at Bury, the "three glorious suns" at Mortimer's Cross, the molehill-meditation for Henry, Margaret's last rallying-cry ("Yet lives our pilot still"), and the final scene, with the beginning of "Now is the winter of our discontent" blotted out half-way, that would have been the right bridge-passage to "Richard the Third" if the planners had so allowed. Once more, I was excited (as I fancy all true theatre-men must be if they are honest with themselves) by the various entries, "with drum and colours," at Coventry: "Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!", "Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!" I wish somebody could have added, "Suffolk, East Suffolk, for Lancaster!"

I am sorry for my colleagues as, no doubt, they rest yet, prone and deafened. But I am grateful for the return of these hours of splendid noise, and would be more grateful if we could have again "Part One" in full. Consider for a moment:

> Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say, Had death been French, then death had died to-day.

I have merely room to add that, in the Birmingham Repertory's revival of "The Alchemist," to which I hope to return, Bernard Hepton—with Albert Finney and Kenneth Mackintosh as chief conspirators—has brought Jonson's satirical farce to us with all speed and gusto (noise, perhaps, but what would you?). "Inbal," the programme of the National Ballet and Dance Theatre of Israel, at Drury Lane, becomes, I feel, monotonous; but the Deborah scene is projected with real and remembered force.

At the last, I fade to a whisper about "Man of Distinction" at the Princes. This is the shred of a German comedy of thirty years ago that has been blown south from Edinburgh. My heart goes out to that superb director, Denis Carey, who has had to work on a text so thin that it hardly exists. His company is loyal; but there is no chance here of making a splendid noise.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"SAMSON AND DELILAH" (Sadler's Wells).—The Saint-Saëns opera. (October 26.)
"LOOK BACK IN ANGER" (Royal Court).—This controversial affair again fills a gap. (October 28.)
TRIPLE BILL (Sadler's Wells).—Menotti's "The Telephone," Bartok's "Dr. Bluebeard's Castle," and Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi." (October 29.)



THE OPENING OPERA OF THE COVENT GARDEN SEASON—"AIDA," PRODUCED BY MADAME WALLMANN: RHADAMES RECEIVES THE STANDARD FROM AMNERIS.



BESIDE THE TEMPLE OF AMMON, AT THEBES: THE BALLET WHICH PRECEDES THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF RHADAMES AND THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

A SPECTACULAR OPENING TO THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA SEASON: MADAME WALLMANN'S PRODUCTION OF VERDI'S "AIDA."

The Covent Garden opera season began at the Royal Opera House on October 28 with a new and spectacular production of Verdi's "Aida." This was produced by Mme. Margherita Wallmann, it being her first production at Covent Garden and her first production of "Aida." She is only the second woman producer of opera at Covent Garden in the Opera House's history, the first being Miss Joan Cross, who produced "Der Rosenkavalier" in 1947. The principals were: Aida, Amy Shuard; Amneris, Fedora Barbieri; Rhadames, Albert da Costa; and Amonasro, Jess Walters. Kubelik was the conductor; and the décor and costumes were by Salvatore Fiume. The cast included a chorus of 120 and 30 dancers; and a contingent of 60 volunteer Guardsmen from the Scots and Welsh Guards, serving on this occasion as the victorious Egyptian Army. Mme. Wallmann, who is a Viennese, has produced many operas all over the world and has on many occasions done the choreography for "Aida."

Photographs by Houston Rogers.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

NO HOUSEWIVES' CHOICE.

By ALAN DENT.

THE provocative film called "Woman in a Dressing Gown" is a supreme example of the kind of thing that every busy housewife or working woman in the country goes to the cinema *not* to see. It is a detailed study in the humdrum or workaday—a sagging saga of a marriage that has muddled along for twenty years and all but collapses at last in the course of the film.

Amy Preston is, I should hope, very much more sluttish than most housewives of any wage-level. She is scatter-brained, warm-hearted, incurably untidy. Her husband Jim and her son Brian smile tolerantly, make excuses for her, and eat most of the messes she serves up in the guise of breakfast or supper. But our only wonder is that it should have taken Jim nearly twenty years to decide on a parting, and to seek the permanent comfort of a nice girl who works in the same office and who is tidy and self-possessed and just as warm-hearted.

Small wonder that all the men around me laughed heartily, and all the women preserved a stony silence or were heard to murmur: "This is overdone!" Amy's living-room, kitchen, and bedroom had got hopelessly mixed up with each other through the years. She had too much fat in her frying-pan, could pour out nothing without spilling a little, and took far too little pride in her personal appearance (instead of the usual far too much!). The director, J. Lee-Thompson, and the actress, Yvonne Mitchell, spare us nowhere. We are given every detail of the frowsty set-up, not forgetting the kitchen-sink, which is overflowing all the time with unwashed crockery and pots and pans. Most men will think Miss Mitchell devastatingly good, and most women will think she goes much too far in the way of slashing her own sex at its worst. The same goes for the reaction of the film-critics. I am rather surprised that Sunday's Minerva should be inclined to call this "the finest performance on the screen ever given by an English actress." But I am not so surprised when Sunday's Juno, while admitting to finding "moments of authentic rage" in the final showdown, declares that "in the jaunty, early passages Miss Mitchell carries on like a wasp in a bottle."

A very different sort of film is "The One that Got Away," the account—founded on truth—of a cocky, single-minded young German who broke repeatedly from prison-camps in England, all but stole an aeroplane, was sent to Canada, jumped out of a train, and then exhaustingly—both for him and for us—found his way into America and eventual liberty. This film did nothing much to me except to remind me of that masterpiece on the subject of escape, Robert Bresson's "A Man Escaped." I was lucky enough to be able to track this down again—at the useful Globe Cinema in Putney—and can re-affirm that it is a truly great film worth tracking down anywhere. I can now record that among the off-set noises which give this picture its peculiar poignancy and tension are the often-repeated call of the night-jar; and that the astounding and inspired intrusion of a few phrases from Mozart occurs exactly twelve times. I may be forgiven for repeating the sentence (particularly as it is a rather nice sentence quite out of my usual run!) with which I concluded my appraisal of this film last July: "The occasional interruption of the film, so to speak, by the heart-rending quiet beauty of the Kyrie Eleison from Mozart's C minor Mass was a stroke of genius, reminding us of humanity amid all this inhumanity—of the inner life beyond the reach of pain."

Extremely different in yet another sort of way is a half-hour-long documentary with no human beings in it at all, called "Journey into Spring." This is a beautifully photographed (Patrick Carey) study of springtime wild-life in the Rev. Gilbert White's Selborne as it survives unspoiled to-day. One of the younger school of writers who are coming to be known as our Intellectual Teddy-boys has attacked this film as being "too English," and goes on to say that the British documentary school has no trio that "could stand a moment's comparison to Franju, Rouquier and Resnais in France." Huh! I can only say that I was wholly enchanted by this breath of fresh air, and that so was Juno, and so even was Minerva! Incidentally, it was news to me that a hedgehog enjoys swimming and that moles are terrible and restless gluttons. The little film, too, is free from the trick-photography with which the Disney Series has recently been tending to spoil itself.

But all through these other pleasures that restless, remorseless study of Amy Preston goes on haunting the mind like a cheap but sticky little tune. Anthony Quayle gives a patient study of the husband Jim, and Andrew Ray a touching one of the boy Brian. But it is, of course, Miss Mitchell's film. There is a marvellously well-contrived moment when Amy very perfunctorily brushes her husband's shoulders when he is going to work, and sends him away—with a kiss, as goes without saying—not noticing that she has not unrumpled her man's coat-collar. My only doubt here is a strong one—whether such a woman would be able to lay hands on a clothes-brush at the right moment.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



YVONNE MITCHELL AS AMY PRESTON IN A CHARACTERISTIC SCENE FROM ASSOCIATED BRITISH-PATHE'S "WOMAN IN A DRESSING GOWN."

In making his choice, Alan Dent writes: "Single-mindedly, and without a thought for the traditional glamour of the film-star, Yvonne Mitchell makes what Hazlitt would call 'a complete thing' out of her portrait of Amy Preston, the slatternly wife in 'Woman in a Dressing Gown.' For this same performance she recently received the Berlin Film Festival Award. It might be called an uncompromising onslaught on the British housewife at her very worst, with no punches pulled. But Miss Mitchell's note of pathos at the end redeems this intensive study from caricature. It reminds us of the genuine pathos this actress sustained throughout 'The Divided Heart,' her last considerable film."



"HER HUSBAND JIM AND HER SON BRIAN SMILE TOLERANTLY": A BREAKFAST SCENE FROM "WOMAN IN A DRESSING GOWN" WITH JIM PRESTON (ANTHONY QUAYLE), BRIAN (ANDREW RAY) AND AMY PRESTON (YVONNE MITCHELL). (LONDON PREMIERE; WARNER THEATRE, OCTOBER 3.)



"THE ACCOUNT—FOUNDED ON TRUTH—OF A COCKY, SINGLE-MINDED YOUNG GERMAN WHO BROKE REPEATEDLY FROM PRISON-CAMPS IN ENGLAND": "THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY"—A SCENE FROM THIS J. ARTHUR RANK PRODUCTION WITH HAWKES (MICHAEL GOODLIFFE, LEFT) AND FRANZ VON WERRA (HARDY KRUGER). (LONDON PREMIERE; ODEON, MARBLE ARCH, OCTOBER 10.)

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE SCAMP" (Generally Released; October 21).—The adorable "Smiley" (Colin Peterson) is now to be seen as a juvenile delinquent, with Richard Attenborough, Terence Morgan and Dorothy Alison as the grown-ups.

"SEVEN THUNDERS" (Generally Released; October 21).—Intense but not unreasonably exciting adventures in Marseilles during the last war. They involve Stephen Boyd, Kathleen Harrison (who is no Marseillaise), and James Robertson Justice.

"TEA AND SYMPATHY" (Generally Released; October 21).—A schoolmaster's wife (Deborah Kerr) lavishes tea and sympathy on a rather big schoolboy (John Kerr), and so saves him from a fate which is—they say—worse than death.



Taxi to Tokyo-2'6

A man on his first posting to the Far East is a man who needs advice. While you are in Town to collect your tropical suit, look in on us.

For the price of a taxi fare, you can save yourself a lot of financial worry. We can give you a preview of social and living conditions wherever you are bound — to Tokyo or Teluk Anson, to Borneo or Bombay. We can advise you on local currencies and monetary regulations. We are, in fact, the largest British bank in the Far East; and the unrivalled service we offer extends to the major trading centres of thirteen Asian countries.

THE

HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI

BANKING CORPORATION

HEAD OFFICE: HONG KONG

LONDON OFFICE: 9 GRACECHURCH STREET · EC3

Offices in Europe and the United States and throughout the Far East



Queen of Scots



MACDONALD & MUIR LTD

Distillers · Leith · Scotland

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE CHOICE OF THE WEEK.

IN advance, alas, the word comic is rather lowering; and how can one try to describe a comic novel, especially when it isn't a novel, and when the style is the marrow of it? "**Pnin,**" by Vladimir Nabokov (Heinemann; 13s. 6d.), with its unique, witty, digressive study of an *ewig*-Russian scholar in a foreign environment, wants to be quoted and would be enchanting to quote *ad lib.* We get our first view of the subject as a traveller in scarlet-and-lilac socks and the wrong train. Professor Timofey Pnin would always choose the wrong train. Not from absent-mindedness. "On the contrary, he was perhaps too wary, too persistently on the look-out for diabolical pitfalls, too painfully on the alert lest his erratic surroundings (unpredictable America) inveigle him into some bit of preposterous oversight." His present train, cunningly dug out of an old timetable, would have saved twelve minutes—only the stop was abolished two years ago. In short, an aberrant and ineffectual angel. Pnin's goodness is heart-rending; but his peculiarities are sturdy to say the least. For instance, he is "more of a poltergeist than a lodger," and is incessantly—"for one reason or another, mostly sonic"—flitting from room to room. On the other hand, he remains the yearning though clear-eyed slave of that pin-headed pretentious juggernaut, his ex-wife. He is also heart-rendingly lost. But the *ewig*-Russian nostalgia lies deep—submerged under a heady addiction to his new world, its clothes, customs, and, above all, gadgets. On these he dotes, "with a kind of dazed, superstitious delight." At the Clements' he has a "passionate intrigue" with the washing machine. "Although forbidden to come near it, he would be caught trespassing again and again. Casting aside all decorum and caution, he would feed it anything that happened to be at hand . . . just for the joy of watching through that porthole what looked like an endless tumble of dolphins with the staggers. One Sunday, after checking the solitude, he could not resist, out of sheer scientific curiosity, giving the mighty machine a pair of rubber-soled canvas shoes stained with clay and chlorophyll to play with; the shoes tramped away with a dreadful arhythmic sound, like an army going over a bridge, and came back without their soles . . ."

Yet even quotation falls short. It can suggest the fun, but not the amplitude and variety, the gulf of time and change, or the acute sadness. One point, however, ought to emerge. Mérimée said of his own English: "*J'ai le strict nécessaire, mais pas le superflu.*" This ex-Russian author is not in total command of the *nécessaire*—there are a couple of small, primitive mistakes—but his *superflu* is astounding.

OTHER FICTION.

One can't pass from effulgent oddity to "mere fiction" without a jolt; but "**The Story of Willie Syme,**" by Roland Pertwee (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), offers another kind of surprise. Generally speaking, if there is one fictional character I have had enough of it is the haughty Gauguinesque painter feeding everyone to his art. Least of all (in theory) do I want him portrayed by his "best friend," the husband of the triangle. Yet this writer has made a job of it. In quite a new vein—and in the first place, by making Willie an absurd figure. Though axiomatically a genius, he is not reverenced; and from the moment when Michael, the narrator, runs into him in Paris in a revolving door, his personality goes with a swing. So does his biography: which is a comedy-drama—almost, at the end, a comedy-thriller—with an excellent artificial plot, and a spice of sardonic and lively realism in detail. Unfortunately, it would be clumsy to say what happens. But I may add that Mr. Pertwee has been a painter, an actor and a playwright, and not in vain; his tale has the pace and dialogue of skilled theatre. So that the jacket, in crediting him with "the professional touch that guarantees good entertainment"—which would be moderately true of so many veterans—has an effect of faint praise.

"**Image and Likeness,**" by Cecil Maiden (John Murray; 13s. 6d.), is wholly serious. It is about a small boy, the son of English missionaries in China, who loses father, mother and bulldog on the same day, flees with his dying nurse to Hong Kong, and is there adopted by Mr. Angus, a rich American. But he is not safe yet. These parents lost their own little boy in an accident at school: which has left Mrs. Angus with a neurotic terror of schools, and a cruel resolve that Jonny shall be Robin over again. . . . Still, it comes out all right. A pleasantly sentimental story; a good-as-gold little hero, truly childlike by fits and starts.

"**House of Numbers,**" by Jack Finney (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.), is about an escape from San Quentin. Arnie Jarvis got himself in for something quite small; he is a show-off, who can't endure losing face. Now, for the same reason, he is threatened with the electric chair. So he *must* get out—"impossibly," with the help of his girl and his brother Ben. It is tense enough but, on the whole, rather quiet, with a groundwork of documentary chat and descriptions of the great prison and its routine. These, and the escape itself, are the best parts.

K. JOHN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THERE is a terrible temptation in chess to play dull stuff, for enterprise is risky and easily punished.

A young Dutchman named Dries suffered a sad demonstration of this when playing in his country's Open Championship at Bodegraven last month. He played the liveliest chess of the tournament, conjured up winning prospects time and time again, but, lacking that little meed of ruthless accuracy essential for final success, lost every game.

You cannot repress a smile in going through his games. Here are two:

FRENCH DEFENCE.

DRIES	VAN PERLO	DRIES	VAN PERLO
White	*Black*	*White*	*Black*
1. P–Q4	P–Q4	2. P–K4	P–K3

Knowing Dries's style, his opponent opts for the placid French, rather than (via 2. . . . P×P) the wild and woolly Blackmar Gambit.

3. B–K3	Kt–KB3	9. P×P	B–Kt5
4. P–K5	KKt–Q2	10. Kt–B3	Q–R4
5. P–KB4	P–QB4	11. R–B1	Kt–Kt3
6. P–B3	Kt–QB3	12. P–QR3	B×Kt
7. Kt–KB3	Q–Kt3	13. R×B	Kt–R5
8. Q–Q2	P×P	14. P–QKt4	

White acts correctly in avoiding exchange of queens, because he has a pronounced advantage in space.

14.	Q–Q1	18. Kt–Kt5	P–Kt3
15. R–B1	B–Q2	19. P–R4	P–KR4
16. B–Q3	P–QR3	20. Q–QB2?	
17. Q–K2	P–QKt4		

Missing a pretty win by 20. Kt×KP! If Black replies 20. . . . B×Kt, then after 21. R×Kt he has lost a pawn for nothing. So 20. . . . P×Kt; 21. B×KKtPch, K–B1 (21. . . . *K–K2*; 22. *P–B5 threatening* 23. *B–Kt5ch is worse*); 22. P–B5! and the threats of (*a*) 23. B–Kt5; (*b*) 23. P×P (which cannot be answered by 23. . . . B×P); (*c*) 23. B×P followed by an avalanche pawn advance, etc., are more than Black could hope to cope with.

BLACKMAR GAMBIT.

DRIES	KLOOSTRA	DRIES	KLOOSTRA
White	*Black*	*White*	*Black*
1. P–Q4	P–Q4	5. Kt×P	P–K3
2. P–K4	P×P	6. B–KKt5	B–K2
3. Kt–QB3	Kt–KB3	7. Q–Q2	
4. P–B3	P×P		

Against the alternative 7. B–Q3, Diemer (himself no mean exponent of the Blackmar Gambit as White) once won an amazing game in thirteen moves, *by correspondence.* The conclusion was 7. . . . P–B4; 8. P×P, Kt–B3; 9. Castles, B×Pch; 10. K–R1, P–KR3; 11. B–R4, P–KKt4; 12. Kt×P? P×Kt; 13. B×P, Kt–R4! White resigns (14. B×Q, Kt–Kt6 mate).

7.	Castles	10. Q–R4	B×B
8. B–Q3	P–B4	11. Q×Kt?	
9. Q–B4	Kt–R4		

Wrong again. Black replied 11. . . . B–R3 with an excellent game. 11. Kt×B was the move, keeping the black knight attacked and threatening *B×Pch.* If Black were to try (11. Kt×B) 11. . . . P–KR3, White could play 12. B–R7ch, K–R1; 13. Kt×BPch! (13. . . . R×Kt; 14. Q×Qch . . . need we go further?).

Anglers bemoaning "the fish that got away" are apostles of delight compared with chess players lamenting their missed wins.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NEW BOOKS ON ARCHÆOLOGY.

TO examine the artistic achievements of nations which have passed into obscurity during historical times is to have a suitable and humbling sense of the mutability of things. Even more humbling, in this age of Russian satellites, territorial and spatial, is the thought that the period which we regard as historical is in some degrees no more impressive than the record of human achievement some thousands of years earlier still. Mr. Geoffrey Bibby, in his excellent description of life in Northern Europe from 15,000 B.C. to the time of the Vikings, called "**The Testimony of the Spade**" (Collins; 30s.), puts this point succinctly. "One of the greatest advances of the past hundred years is that we have learned to see our achievements and problems in the perspective of a score of millennia full of achievements and problems, that we have assimilated into our consciousness the pride and humility of the realisation that, in times remote even by geological standards, Europe was inhabited by men and women with an imagination and an artistic culture not inferior to our own, heirs even then to an unthinkably ancient way of life and way of thought."

Mr. Bibby, who is a well-known archæologist, unlike some of his colleagues (no names no pack drill), wields an elegant and fluent pen. Without writing down to us he tells the story of our remote European ancestors in a way which is lively and bound to be popular. The splendid culture of Northern Europe, revealed by the archæologists of the last hundred years, is traced for us by Mr. Bibby from the evidence revealed in Scandinavia, to the finds in Ireland and Great Britain, and in the caves of France and Northern Spain. Here is a wealth of fascinating information, excellently illustrated with photographs. Incidentally, I wonder if it has been the experience of others that if one sees the actual prehistoric paintings in such places as Altamira, they are far more difficult to follow with the naked eye than they are when photographed either in colour or in black-and-white. Our remote ancestors as artists had nothing to be ashamed of by comparison with their descendants. Could there be, for example, anything more exquisite than the golden horns of Gallehus? Could there, too, be anything more dramatic than the evidence of battle, murder and sudden death shown by, for example, the skeleton discovered at Maiden Castle with a Roman catapult arrow still protruding from the vertebræ, or again in the perfectly preserved bodies found in the peat bogs of Denmark? Why is the Tollund man perfectly preserved "naked, save for a leather belt around his waist and a leather cap, formed of eight pieces of skin sewn together, upon his head," while "still around his neck was the braided leather rope with which they had hanged him."

Mr. Bibby's book is a wonderful evocation of the vanished ages of which he writes.

Less pleasantly written though technically, I imagine, of greater interest to scientists is Professor L. S. Palmer's "**Man's Journey Through Time**" (Hutchinson; 30s.). The story is roughly the same as that told by Mr. Bibby, but its presentation is, as I say, less attractive. Nevertheless, for serious students of the subject it is warmly to be recommended, though I am still left in the dark over such curious technical phrases as "Nuchal area height," "Condylar position" and "lower dental arcade convergence angle"—but then I have always been one who is easily bemused by technicians.

For a magnificent photographic reproduction of the artifacts and the paintings and carvings of prehistoric man one could not do better than study "**Old Stone Age**" (Phœnix; 30s.), by Stevan Célébonovic and Geoffrey Grigson. The photographs are so good that they entirely prove my point about the detail of prehistoric cave paintings being much easier to follow when reproduced photographically than *in situ.* This book is the second volume in the Nature and Art series and follows on "The Living Rocks." Stevan Célébonovic has hit on this happy technique of using the camera to interpret the thoughts and desires of ancient man. Mr. Geoffrey Grigson, in his commentary, admirably evokes for us the prehistoric man whose life "narrowed to intensities of desire over mammoth, ibex, wild horse, red deer, bison, and wild cattle. Give us this Day our Daily Bread: the game he subdued was light, warmth, food, clothing, and material for a dozen other necessities. So as well as passionately desiring a fertile abundance of the animals he hunted, he could also feel a kinship with them, and a sacramentality about their existence (have you noticed how a modern M.F.H. shows a kind of vestigial or atavistic love for the fox?)."

To complete this series of evocative books on prehistoric times I recommend "**The Eye Goddess,**" by Dr. O. G. S. Crawford (Phœnix; 50s.). Dr. Crawford is interested in the symbols carved on Megalithic stones scattered over these islands and Western Europe generally. I can well understand that Dr. Crawford's thesis, which some of his archæological colleagues may find overfetched, will arouse considerable controversy in learned circles. His theories in any case are extremely ingenious and if there is a flaw in his argument this layman has been unable to detect it.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

This month's Motoring Article by Colonel Clease will be appearing in our issue of November 9.

WHITE HORSE



To pour out White Horse Scotch Whisky for friends who really know whisky is a particular pleasure. Warmth, bouquet and flavour, name and fame all combine in the grand total of their enjoyment.

To offer White Horse to your friends defines the standards of your hospitality. With every drop they taste a welcome far warmer than mere words.

Scotch Whisky

The American trip that paid for itself —even before he arrived!

HOW COULD HE, a British businessman with few contacts, hope to meet and sell to the most sought-after men in America? He decided to go to America, and, on the recommendation of his travel agent, by United States Lines.

As soon as he stepped aboard, his problem was half-solved: he found himself among the very businessmen he had sought so long to meet! In this friendly atmosphere he made so many valuable contacts that he might have been *in* America already—and his trip had paid for itself, even before he arrived! This man has now found just how much it pays him to travel by United States Lines. Ship-to-shore telephone, dictaphone, stenographic and typewriting services are all available to the businessman wanting to continue his work on board. And there's no better way to relax than aboard the "United States," or her running-mate the "America," with their unexcelled food and wine, top-grade orchestras, CinemaScope, well-stocked libraries and "keep-fit" facilities—whether he travels FIRST, CABIN or TOURIST CLASS. In addition there's 25 cubic feet or 275 lb. FREE baggage allowance.

A "FIRST CLASS" HOLIDAY
whichever class you choose

With the extended travel allowance to the U.S.A. and Canada, holiday-makers and businessmen's wives and families can go to these countries. Remember—*your £100 is spendable entirely in America.* If you travel by United States Lines your holiday starts as soon as you arrive on board ship.

If you're travelling on a budget but still want the best that money can buy, CABIN and TOURIST CLASS, with their gay informality, offer a perfect solution.

Fares to destination and on-board expenses payable in sterling.

REGULAR SAILINGS
FIRST CLASS—CABIN CLASS—TOURIST CLASS

s.s. ***United States***—SOUTHAMPTON—HAVRE—NEW YORK
s.s. ***America***—SOUTHAMPTON—HAVRE—COBH—NEW YORK



United States Lines



SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR UNITED STATES LINES, 50 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1



You don't know the comfort of pure wool until you have worn Chilprufe

Chilprufe
FOR MEN



Finest pure wool, soft and smooth to the skin. Skilfully cut. Beautifully finished, withstands constant washing without shrinking or loss of colour.

Write for
ILLUSTRATED
MEN'S FOLDER

CHILPRUFE LIMITED · LEICESTER



The socks for comfort

Men can't appreciate the comfort of Two Steeples 83 Socks until they have worn them. These socks, with the red tops have been famous since 1895. Made of the highest grade wool they are most comfortable and long wearing.

per pair **10/6d.**

'Fernia' knitwear in shades to match.

Two Steeples REGD.
The Name for Quality
83 SOCKS
HIGH SPLICED · NYLON HEELS & TOES

If unable to obtain write
Dept. M.17 Two Steeples Ltd.,
Wigston, Leicestershire.

Tell me Doctor!



"WHY do you always use Wright's Coal Tar Soap?"

"WELL, you see, Mrs. Smith, I just have to keep my hands soft and sensitive so that I can diagnose troubles and above all, must keep them free from germs.

There are lots of good soaps, but I believe that Wright's serves these purposes better than any soap I know".

If Wright's Coal Tar Soap does this for Doctors, surely it can do the same for you and your children.

A kinder soap, a better soap.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR TOILET SOAP

The Golden Tablet in Bath and Toilet sizes

Overcoats



MOSS BROS & CO LTD
OF COVENT GARDEN W.C.2
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE
Nearest Station Leicester Square · *Temple Bar 4477*

The Magnificent

MERCEDES-BENZ





Type 220S

£2,393 .7.0 INC. P.T.

Elegance for the Connoisseur.
Power, comfort and safety
happily combined.

send for free, illustrated literature and name of nearest Dealer.

THE WORLD'S OLDEST AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS



MERCEDES-BENZ (GREAT BRITAIN) LIMITED 58 CAMBERWELL NEW ROAD, LONDON, S.E.5
RELIANCE 7691 (10 LINES) *West End Showrooms:* 10 ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1. HYDE PARK 3351



Announcing the mighty NEW

Eagle

by GOODYEAR



Built to give the greatest tyre performance in the world

SO STRONG, SO SWIFT, SO SILENT, *and so safe*, the mighty new Eagle by Goodyear is a masterpiece of tyre craftsmanship. Its deep, long-life tread embodies the proved diamond pattern in a new exclusive design for greater flexibility and road holding, smoother riding. Deep-cut blade slots put hundreds of traction edges on the road for longer anti-skid mileage and unequalled stability under all driving conditions. Stop notches at the shoulders ensure that braking is quick, straight and safe. Built-in silencers absorb road noise and corner squeal. And the classic beauty of the sidewall is protected from kerb damage by a scuff rib. The new Eagle is available tubeless, with exclusive Grip-Seal Construction, or tube-type.

Now! **BUILT WITH MIRACLE STRENGTH NYLON**

THE ULTIMATE IN CAR TYRE QUALITY



BERNESE OBERLAND

Winter Season from Christmas to Easter

Average 10 days all-inclusive rates in Good Hotes £18 (room, 3 meals, tips, taxes, etc., included).

Prospectus and information: V.B.O. Office, Interlaken, Switzerland, the Swiss National Tourist Office, 458-59, Strand, London, W.C.2, or your Travel Agent.

ADELBODEN 4,600 feet — A GOOD PLACE TO SKI—A GOOD PLACE TO LIVE All Winter Sports. A gay night life. 8 ski- and chair-lifts. Famous for Curling. Write to Kurverein Adelboden.

GRINDELWALD 3,500 feet — FAMOUS FOR SKI-ING AND CURLING 2 hours from Berne. Road open all the Winter. 30 Hotels. Ski-school. Curling Coach. Skating. Write to Kurverein Grindelwald.

GSTAAD — **"Ski-ing Mecca of the Bernese Oberland."** 11 ski-lifts. Average daily sunshine, 8-9 hours. *Many social events.* Special reduced rates in January. Ask for free booklet: Enquiry Office, Gstaad.

KANDERSTEG — WITH THROUGH COACHES TO THE IDEAL WINTER RESORT FOR RECREATION AND SPORT! Ice-rink, Curling, Ski-lifts, Chair-lift, Cable railway, Swiss Ski-school, 19 Hotels. Apply for Brochure W 11 to Kurverein Kandersteg.

MÜRREN 5,450 feet — MEANS MORE FUN! CURLING — SKATING — TOBOGGANING Ski-school included in hotels rates. Tourist Office, Mürren, 18, Switzerland.

For plenty of Sun, Snow and Fun, together with excellent ski-ing conditions, choose **WENGEN** at 4,000 feet in the famous Jungfrau Area. Apply to Tourist Office, Wengen, Switzerland.

IVA ZURICH

Meet Father Neptune on Christmas Day



Spend Christmas and New Year at sea in southern sunshine. Book now for the 43 days round voyage to Buenos Aires by "ALCANTARA" leaving Southampton 15th Dec. Passengers may use ship as hotel during 5 days' stay at Buenos Aires. *Ask your local Travel Agent for details of this and other Round Voyages*

to South America

by ROYAL MAIL LINES

or apply Royal Mail House · Leadenhall Street · London, E.C.3 · MAN 0522
America House · Cockspur Street · London, S.W.1 · WHI 9646

The well balanced liqueur...

Indispensable in :-

★ Cocktails ★ Fruit Salads ★ Grape Fruit etc.



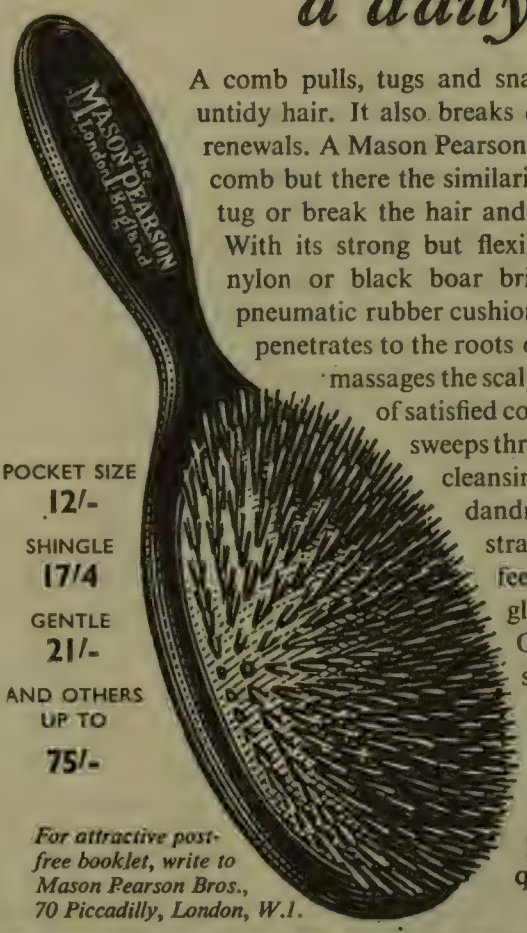
COINTREAU

Extra Dry

Sole Importers

W. Glendenning & Sons Ltd. Newcastle upon Tyne 6

As good as a daily massage



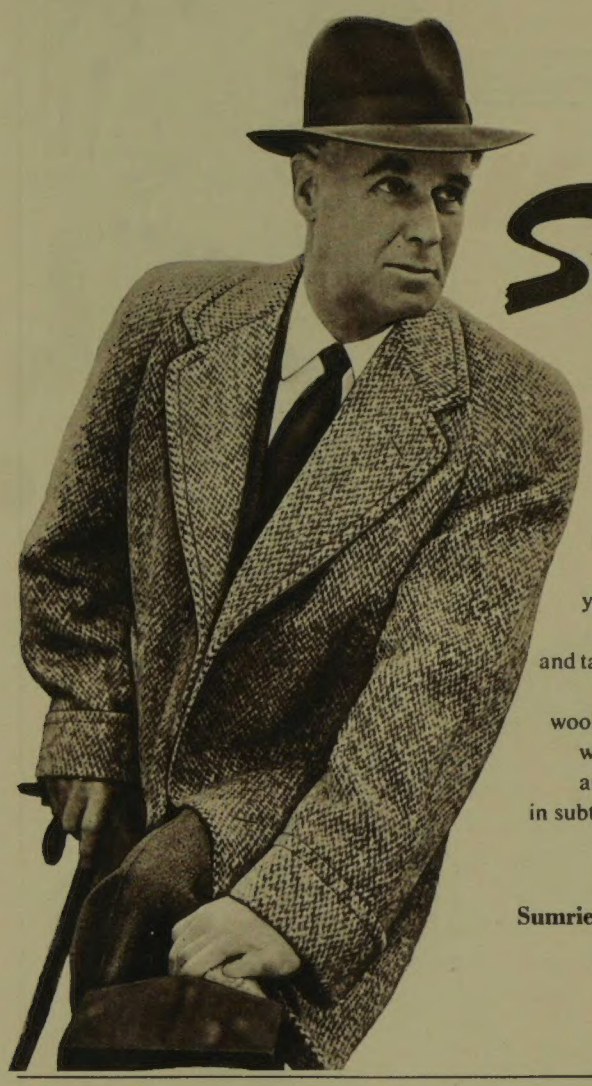
A comb pulls, tugs and snags without mercy through untidy hair. It also breaks quickly and needs frequent renewals. A Mason Pearson reaches the roots just like a comb but there the similarity ends. This brush will not tug or break the hair and will last out many combs. With its strong but flexible slender spired tufts of nylon or black boar bristle, scientifically set in a pneumatic rubber cushion, the Mason Pearson brush penetrates to the roots of your hair and thoroughly massages the scalp—leaving a pleasant feeling of satisfied comfort. Gently and quickly it sweeps through the tangles, thoroughly cleansing the hair of all dust and dandruff lifting each disarranged strand into place. Your hair feels fresh and clean . . . looks glossy, trim and attractive. Owing to its unique construction whereby one bristle performs the work of three, the Mason Pearson can be sold at a much lower price than would otherwise be possible with a brush of this quality.

POCKET SIZE 12/-
SHINGLE 17/4
GENTLE 21/-
AND OTHERS UP TO 75/-

For attractive post-free booklet, write to Mason Pearson Bros., 70 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

MASON PEARSON

London England



Sumrie

. . . of course

You'll echo the poet who said 'Nought cared this body for wind or weather' when you have an overcoat like this Sumrie Raglan. Hand-cut and tailored in warm, hard-wearing Irish Donegal tweed. It's all wool . . . naturally. Tweed *means* wool . . . means warmth, wear and interesting woven textures in subtle shades only wool can give. Price 20 gns.

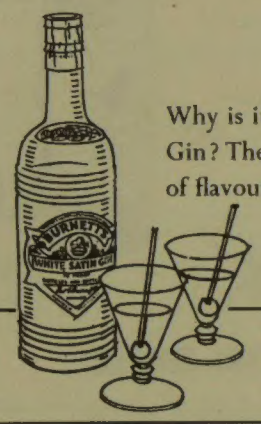
Sumrie clothes are good
***—really* good**

The SUMRIE SHOP at ROBINSON & CLEAVER
156 REGENT STREET LONDON W.1 (First Floor)

At SELFRIDGES in OXFORD STREET and good shops throughout the country



Overheard in the best bars "—and make it BURNETT'S *White Satin* GIN"

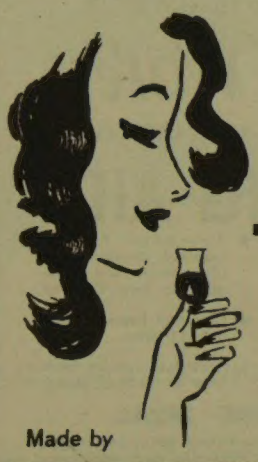


Why is it that so many people ask for "White Satin" Gin? The reason is simple. Its smoothness and delicacy of flavour have established it for nearly 200 years—as the aristocrat of gins!

HAVE IT AT HOME, TOO!
Put Burnett's "White Satin" Gin on your next order. Available in all sizes, and the same price as ordinary gins.



★ **Horrockses** *Gift Towel Sets* ★



I love
APRY
the liqueur of the ***Apricot***



Made by
MARIE BRIZARD
who also make the perfect Creme-de-Menthe-liqueur of the mint!

CROWN OF CROWNS

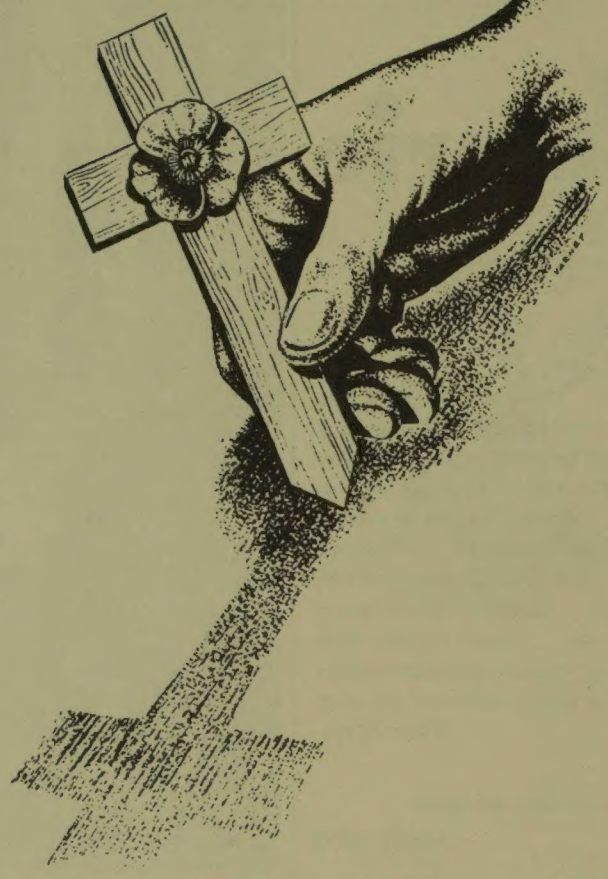
LIEBFRAUMILCH



If this fine wine—with the triangular label—isn't on your wine merchant's list please write for nearest supplier to Percy Fox & Co. Ltd., 38 King William St, London, E.C.4

A Langenbach Hock

Remember



POPPY DAY

BRITISH LEGION, HAIG'S FUND
PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1
(Registered under the War Charities Act 1940)



short and popular

Gieves' version of the popular short coat—Harris Tweed raglan, with five rows of stitching at hem and on sleeves. Suitable for town or country, **£18 guineas**

By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen Makers of Livery Hats

By Appointment to His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh Naval Tailors and Outfitters

Gieves

LIMITED
ESTABLISHED 1785

REMEMBER POPPY DAY

27 OLD BOND STREET
LONDON W1
Telephone HYDe Park 2276

A sherry that is sheer delight

A perfect gift to the most critical palate, Pintail is an exceptionally fine sherry, both pale and beautifully dry. Specially selected at Jerez, this proud product of Spain is available in a trial pack of two bottles at 46/3 carriage paid; subsequent supplies at £12 per dozen bottles. Your orders will have prompt attention.



Pintail SHERRY

Established 1800 MATTHEW GLOAG & SON LTD., PERTH, SCOTLAND

Give personal leatherware

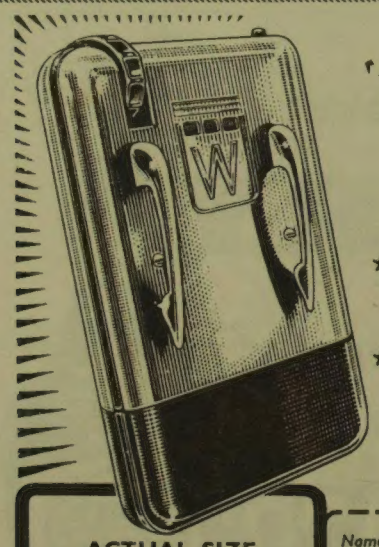


...for a combination of beauty and enduring utility. Perfectionists in such matters usually start with (and inevitably end up with) a close perusal of the Unicorn catalogue. Unicorn hunters in or near London will find much to please them at our London showrooms in Burlington Arcade while those who live miles from nowhere but maintain postal connection with the outside world might enquire with advantage through our Head Office at Bury. We are pleased to allow a special discount on quantity purchases.

UNICORN LEATHER CO. LTD

London Showrooms: Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly. *Tel:* HYDe Park 8939
General Offices & Workshops: Woodhill Works, Bury, Lancs. *Tel:* Bury 5317





PRESENTING THE LIGHTWEIGHT

'Westar' Wafer

THE NEW ALL-TRANSISTOR

HEARING AID

★ No valves! instead miraculous TRANSISTORS—cut battery costs and give clearer, true-to-life reception.

★ Fully guaranteed with written warranty from Westrex—the pioneers of hearing aids.

★ Automatic Volume Control: combined on/off switch and two-position Tone Control.

★ One tiny battery; uses only 1½ volts.

★ First-class service facilities for the years ahead.

FOR FREE HOME TRIAL

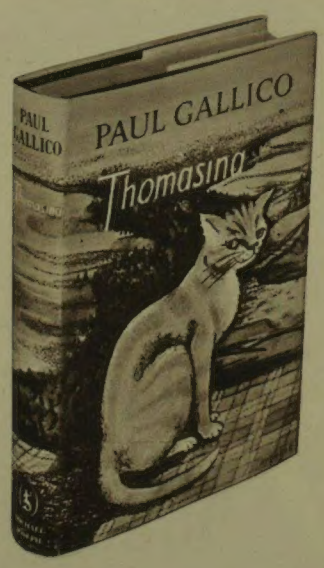
and descriptive leaflet, telephone REGent 1001 or post coupon NOW to Westrex Co Ltd (Dept. 4) East India House, 208a, Regent St., London, W.1. *NO OBLIGATION TO BUY.*

ACTUAL SIZE
2¼" × 2⅛" × ⅝"—thinner than a cigarette packet! TOTAL WEIGHT (including battery) only 2 ounces!

Name .....

Address .....

4



This delightful story of a cat and the humans in her life will charm all those who loved "Jennie"

November 4th, 15/-

MICHAEL JOSEPH

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions—namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price as shown on the cover of this issue, and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

WARMER WINTER MOTORING



SNUG interior heating, perfect weather-proofing and ventilation, luxurious upholstery and riding-comfort—these are all a part of the fuss which B.M.C. cars normally make of passengers. Testing the efficiency of these features is a regular part of B.M.C. production. And for the driver's special benefit, the B.M.C. range gives immediate cold-starting, demisting and defrosting, excellent visibility and superb road-holding. No wonder motoring with B.M.C. is one of winter's greatest pleasures.

AUSTIN · AUSTIN-HEALEY · MORRIS · MG · Riley · WOLSELEY

THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION LTD. BMC

BACKED BY THE BIGGEST SERVICE ORGANIZATION IN EUROPE

THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION LIMITED



A Kodachrome photograph

A fine city, NORWICH

In a delightful park on the outskirts of Norwich stands gracious Earlham Hall, now the property of the citizens of Norwich, but at the end of the 18th century the home of the Gurney family. Such immortal names as Elizabeth Fry, 'Old' Crome, Thomas Fowell Buxton, and William Wilberforce are all associated with Earlham. The Gurneys were bankers in Norwich from 1775, and their organisation was one of the main stems from which grew the Barclays Bank of today. About the time the Gurneys went to live at Earlham another important financial institution was born in Norwich, for in 1797 twenty-eight citizens banded together for mutual protection against the risk of fire. From that small beginning have grown the great Norwich Union Insurance Societies, which today provide first-class insurances of all kinds in seventy different countries.



NORWICH UNION

INSURANCE SOCIETIES, NORWICH

Branches and Agencies throughout the World

★ *A print of this advertisement may be obtained on application to the Societies' Publicity Department*

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Saturday, November 2, 1957. Registered as a Newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom and to Canada by Magazine Post. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia : Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches : Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth, W.A. ; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland and Dunedin, N.Z. ; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.